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THE PENNY
ILLUSTRATED PAPER

WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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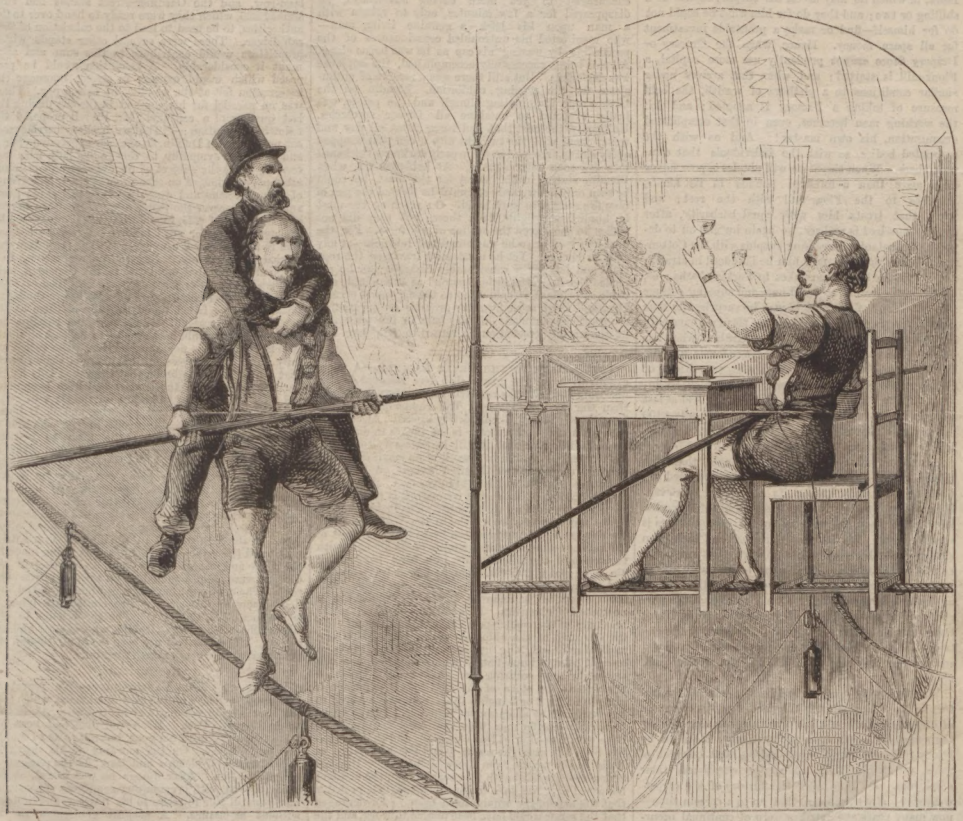
Topics of the Week.

A new era opens upon the people. In producing an illustrated Paper for the million, let us plainly say, we want to be esteemed the friend of the million. Not to flatter it: that is the part of an enemy; nor to gloss over its errors and prejudices, for such friendship is as weak as it is contemptible. No; we wish to study the masses, to understand them, to sympathise with them, to co-operate in a labour of love in whatever may interest them in the wide domains of Literature and Art. We put these professions to a fitting test when we say to the reader, "Judge for yourself of the value of what is given in the ensuing pages, and of the price you are charged for it."

We have said that a new era is opened to us by the Repeal of the Paper Duties It is one that none of us can yet hope rightly to estimate. But these things are sure:—The measure will give new intellectual life, tend wonderfully to the dissemination of knowledge, and help to create through society a greater equality of tastes, habits, and modes of thought. But these are amongst the least of its blessings. Consider the effect upon the poor. When we see how large a portion of our daily records are given up to details of criminal atrocities — when we are reminded, by such a case as that of Mrs. Guinness Hill's child, of the state in which our labouring poor habitually live in the very heart of our civi-



BLONDIN CARRYING A MAN ON HIS BACK AND EATING HIS DINNER ON THE ROPE, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ON MONDAY LAST.

isation—have we not glimpses (and they can be only glimpses) of a terrible amount of suffering, disorder, and vice, that *must* be dealt with in a more vigorous fashion than hitherto? How to do that is one of the greatest of social problems, and it is one that a cheap press will greatly help to solve.

While it will do this for the most dependent portions of the people, it will tend powerfully to affect the position and welfare of the class next above them, the men whom we emphatically designate as working men, and who are at once the backbone and sinew of our national life. When these all read, have all their literary and political organs, which look to them for efficient support, no prophet is needed to show that power of all kinds must be immensely increased in their hands. The greater, therefore, the moral responsibility of those who propose to devote themselves to their service, and to give them the aid of so potent a magician as the genius of the press.

But the time is ripe for this and many other hopeful agencies. Already in Lancashire there are movements making which, while they war upon no man's right, and trespass upon no political principle, are in happy accordance with the very highest religious duties and the noblest moral desires. Co operation promises to revolutionise many branches of industry, and to open an altogether fresh field of hope to those who were fast yielding to despair. The Stores tempt the workman and his family by a multitude of attractions that, taken together, are irresistible. They offer him unadulterated food and honestly-manufactured clothing at a fair price; they give him back as savings the profit made on his dealings; and, having thus tempted him to begin to save by such a very easy process, they lure him to more active exertions in his own behalf by becoming his Savings Bank, in which he may invest his surplus capital of a shilling or two; and they do for him what he could not do for himself—find or make a profitable investment for all spare money. Hence, when the Grocery or Drapery Store cannot prudently use more capital, a Flour-mill is started; and, when that arrives under similar conditions to a plethora of wealth, the bold measure of taking a Factory is adopted; and lo! the working man becomes, even in that complicated organisation, his own master! And as with the associated bodies, so with the individuals that compose them. When the Store will not let a poor fellow keep *more* than a hundred pounds in its hands, he flies to the Flour mill with the rest; and when that treats him with equal barbarity, after another hundred is realised, he again hurries off to deposit his constantly-increasing surplus with the Cotton-mill. When that, too, fails him he is indeed in straits; and no wonder if he then takes to Turkish baths; or, better still, begins to build new and superior cottage homes. Many of our readers may be surprised to hear of these things, but we beg to assure them we have only described the simple, unexaggerated truth of what has been done in Rochdale within a dozen or fourteen years. We have ourselves traced through the very books of the Store the history of one poor family which, beginning with an investment of 9s. in the store, had at last £100 in it, then £100 in the flour-mill, and lastly £100 in the new manufacturing concern. But the discipline of mind and character involved in such operations is even more valuable in our eyes than the money given. All these societies are governed by working men, each having its committee of eleven. How wisely they govern is testified by the results. How wisely they are selected by their constituents is equally clear. We have seen a board of such men sitting in deliberation over a concern that employs a capital of £70,000, and which has to deal with all the most complex and difficult of industrial questions—such as the management of the people employed, the purchase of raw material in the best markets and at fitting times, rates of profit, qualities of machinery, the enlargement or restriction of business at critical periods, and we can only say we could not but wonder and respect.

Why do not the operatives of London emulate the factory hands of Lancashire? Why do they not think more of creating capital of their own than striking against their masters' capital?—a process always attended by injury to both? And, while asking that question of them, we should like to ask another question of their employers. Do they know the history of the carpet-weavers? Are they aware that up to a certain time—now many years ago—strikes were of continual occurrence, and a bad feeling was the normal state between masters and men? But it so happened that they agreed on one occasion to make a great effort to avert a threatened and most bitter struggle. They met in equal numbers, discussed the whole matter at great length, and finally agreed. Before parting both sides further arranged that there should be an annual meeting, no matter whether there were or were not any special causes of difference. That simple, sensible, and kindly policy has kept the trade from strikes from that day to this. We have the authority of one of the largest carpet-manufacturing firms in the world for the truth of these facts. How much ill-blood, suffering, and loss of national wealth might be averted if employers generally would take a lesson from these examples of their own order!

BLONDIN IN A FOG.

To a man who can walk blindfolded along a rope a hundred feet high it can matter little whether he perform the feat by day or by night—in sunlight or in darkness. But even to him we should think a fog must be a serious discomfort and disadvantage, effectually testing the possibility of his being thrown off his balance by that derangement of nerves generally resulting from the obscuration of the senses. To this final test M. Blondin has been subjected.

On Monday his "benefit" took place at the Crystal Palace, and there was an enormous influx of visitors. When the ordinary amusements of the place were exhausted, or had begun to pall, there was the great spectacle of the day about to commence. At three o'clock precisely the race along the transept rope began. Then there were the performances in the sack, and the astounding somersaults, followed by a third journey on stilts. By this time the performer might well be supposed to need rest and refreshment. Both were provided for him without the trouble of descent. On his back he carried the chair that has now so often been the object of thrilling interest; and a running cord enabled him to draw along the rope a well-furnished table. To this he seated himself, and coolly lunched; eating and drinking with as much apparent zest as if he were a hundred feet nearer the floor. Then, as if encouraged to yet more daring adventures, he disappeared for a few minutes, only to return with a man upon his back—a genuine, living man—who manifested his untroubled consciousness of the proceeding by waving his cap as he was borne along. All this being successfully accomplished, the applause was deafening. But still there was a reserve of enthusiasm for the evening exhibition. Blondin on the terrace rope, illuminating himself and the palace, was justly expected to outshine all former spectacles. Unhappily, the mist that had hung about all day and woven itself with the twilight into a veil that wrapped every statue, tree, and tower in early darkness, thickened into fog soon after sunset. At half-past six, when Blondin started in his basket for the mast, he could be seen only a few yards off, until he lighted the pan of blue fire carried in each hand. On reaching the mast he kindled the lights fixed there; but they did not suffice to show even the outline of his form. For the next half-hour or so he was completely invisible—at any rate, to our eye. Yet he must have traversed the rope right and left for a considerable distance; for he exploded the fireworks in his barrow, as announced, and made as brilliant an exhibition as the fog would permit. Here and there arose from the grounds an applauding recognition as he made his way back to the mast, and he was warmly greeted on his return to the palace.

THE DAMAGE TO THE GREAT EASTERN.—A close examination of the great ship has resulted in the discovery that she has received more external injuries than we at first known. The rudder-post, as has been already stated, is completely broken. At the part where it snapped the metal is 18 inches in diameter. In order to repair this it will be necessary to unship the rudder, which will be a work of no small difficulty, not only on account of its great weight, but owing to the manner in which it is held in position. The rudder and post weigh 20 tons; the framework is of iron, but the centre is filled up with timber. The foot or spindle of the rudder works in a hole in the "heelpiece" of the ship, and an enormous iron brace holds the post of the rudder to the ship, and admits of its moving with the action of the tiller. This iron band is formed of 4in. iron plates, 2 ft. 6in. wide, and is bolted through and through the ship by enormous iron bolts. This must, of course, be removed before the rudder can be unshipped for repairs. In addition, however, to the breaking of the rudder-post, it has been found that the sternpost of the ship has given way. This is a mass of iron weighing upwards of six tons. It is an upright column immediately behind the screw, one end resting on and securing the heelpiece, and the other attached to the stern of the ship. This is formed of plates of iron 2 or 3 inches thick, and was secured to the heelpiece by an enormous iron bolt. It was urged by many scientific men that the screw-shaft ought to have had a bearing in this sternpost, and that, if such had been the case, the screw would not have failed as it did in the voyage from America last year. Had the screw been provided with this bearing, and the accident happened as it has done to the sternpost, it is probable that the machinery would have been so far deranged that the screw would have been unable to work, and the great ship might not have been able to reach a port so quickly as it did after its paddles were rendered useless. The paddle-wheels will require to be reconstructed. The cost of repairing the damage externally and internally will, it is estimated, be about £10,000. The ship will be taken to Milford for the necessary repairs.

Home News.

BALMORAL, Oct. 4.—The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Hohenlohe, Princess Louise, and Prince Leopold, drove yesterday to the Linn of Quoick. The Prince Consort, accompanied by Prince Arthur, went out deerstalking. The Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Hesse went out deerstalking.

THE DEATH OF LORD EGLINTON has occasioned general regret in the Sister Isle, as well as in this country. The Irish papers notice the melancholy event in terms of evidently sincere regret, and dwell upon the popularity which he twice achieved as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT WROXETER are now proceeding actively. The excavators began somewhat more than a fortnight ago on the site of the cemetery of the ancient city, and they have already disclosed a number of interments, accompanied generally with glass vessels and pottery. In every interment yet found the body of the deceased has been burnt and reduced to ashes, and the belief appears to be thus confirmed that the practice of cremation of the dead was continued in Britain to the latest period of the Roman occupation. The excavators have come upon a paved street or road, running from the city through the cemetery, which may be termed, like that of Pompeii, the Street of Tombs, for it seems evident that a line of the principal tombs ran along each side of it. Two walled tombs, close to the northern side of this street, have just been opened.

THE RECENT OUTRAGE ON A YOUNG LADY NEAR DUBLIN.—A meeting of the cab proprietors of Dublin was held lately "to give expression to their indignant feelings at this atrocious outrage, and to devise means to assist the authorities to bring the villanous perpetrator to justice." The attendance was large. The chairman said they must be sleepless in their exertions until the wretch was a manacled prisoner in the hands of justice. That was the purpose of their meeting. The proprietors representing Bagot-street, Westland-row, and the Gardiner-street stands had subscribed £25, which they were ready to hand over to the authorities, to be used to lead to the conviction of that cab-driver. There were several other stands whose proprietors would contribute to this sum and augment it considerably. A resolution would be proposed which would express in strong language the indignation felt at the conduct of this sepoy. There was no parallel for his conduct in the city during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Farrell proposed the following resolution:—"That we, hackney-carriage and cab proprietors of Dublin, do offer our expression of deep and heartfelt sympathy to the young lady who was recently made the subject of an outrage and criminal attempt; and that, as an earnest proof of our abhorrence of this atrocious and disgraceful act, and of our great anxiety to discover the perpetrator thereof, we hereby offer a reward of £25, in addition to that advertised by the authorities, for such private information as shall lead to his arrest and conviction." The resolution was carried unanimously. Several other speeches, in a strain similar to that employed by the chairman, were delivered before the meeting broke up. The *Freeman* says:—"Several cabmen were brought before the lady's brother, but he failed to identify any of them as the party he had engaged. The cab cushion remains unclaimed, and it would now appear to be past all doubt that the offender is not a cab-driver. The police are fully under this impression, and there is some rumour that the borrowed umbrella that the young lady had in her possession when the assault had been committed has been traced. The police are on the alert in every quarter of the city and suburbs, and it is hoped that their exertions will result in the adoption of speedy means of bringing the felon to justice." The following curious occurrence has taken place in the neighbourhood where the outrage on the young lady was perpetrated:—At an early hour on Friday morning a strange horse, harnessed, was found in Mr. Tyer's fields in the old Rathgar road. The horse had the harness on, but the winkers had been removed and tied back. On Saturday the car was found abandoned on the high road. In the ditch of Tyer's fields was found the bridle, and, upon search being made by the police and one of Tyer's men, the clothes of the cabman were found bundled up on the side of Garville-road. The man must have stripped himself naked, and fled without any covering. The clothes are lying at the police office, Rathgar. The car belongs to Mr. Byrne, of Church-street, Dublin, who is a car and cab owner. The driver has not been heard of, though the police have made every search for him.

DEATH OF MR. VANDENHOFF.—We regret to announce the death of this celebrated actor, which took place on Friday se'nnight, at his residence, 34, Northbank, Regent's Park. Mr. Vandenhoff had been for some time suffering from gout, but not so as to confine him to the house. On the morning of his death he walked to his physician's and back, for the purpose of consulting him. After dinner he was seized, as the event showed, with premonitory symptoms of paralysis, but was still able to retire to his bedroom and lie down without assistance. A medical gentleman in the neighbourhood was at once sent for, but on his arrival Mr. Vandenhoff was speechless, and shortly afterwards expired. He carries to his grave the unblemished reputation of a long and honourable life. He was in his seventy-second year, and for some time past had given up the practice of his profession

The Volunteers.

Mr. Horatio Ross on Rifles and Rifle Competitions.—"My practice with rifles of all descriptions has been considerable, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Enfield to be the worst of 'modern' rifles. It has every fault: a high trajectory, rendering it a matter of great chance hitting a distant object when the ground is not accurately measured; a slow flight, which increases very much the difficulty of hitting a mark in motion; and very inferior powers of penetration. I lately read a paragraph in the newspapers of very great significance, and which bears on this point. It is stated that Mr. Whitworth has had an interview with the Emperor of the French, the object of that interview being to conclude a bargain for the purchase of 30,000 Whitworth rifles. Experiments were carried on in the presence of the Emperor for two days, and, as he was not quite satisfied with the shooting of the rifles, the order was not given. We know something in this country about Whitworth rifles; and if that most shrewd of men, the Emperor, did not think them good enough for his army we may form some notion of the excellence of the arms with which he ultimately intends to equip his soldiers. Put two regiments down in an open country, at the distance of a mile, one armed with Whitworth rifles, the other with Enfields, what would be the result? I believe the latter would be destroyed before their opponents came within the range of the Enfield rifle. I therefore think that 'all-comers prizes' are most useful for the sake of bringing out the best shot and best rifle. But they will cease to have any interest beyond that of the mere neighbourhood of the meeting if they are not left to perfectly free and open competition. I, however, gather this, that the people of Inverness are dissatisfied that so many prizes fell to the lot of my son and myself, and thus they want to exclude us from their future competitions by heavy handicaps. I must confess that I am dissappointed at finding Highlanders to be the first who have called out, but I will relieve their anxiety. We won't compete next year; but, if alive and well, we may perhaps join the shooting of 1863; by which time, if they attend to the spirited advice of Clanny, and follow the manly example of the Master of Lovat, who shot beautifully, and spoke with becoming spirit at the meeting, they will, I hope, have gained proper confidence, and prove themselves 'foremen worthy of any man's steel.'"

City of Edinburgh and Midlothian Rifle Association.—The object of its projectors is "to give permanence to volunteer corps, and to promote rifle-shooting generally, but more particularly among the volunteers of the city and county of Edinburgh." His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch is president of the association, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh vice-president. The association is to consist of all annual subscribers of 5s. and donors of five guineas. Companies in the adjacent counties may become "associated" by an annual payment of two guineas. A general prize meeting is to take place in June or July annually, under the following classes:—1. Prizes open to volunteer companies in the city and county of Edinburgh. 2. Prizes open to all the associated companies. 3 Prizes open to all members of the association. 4. Carbine prizes for artillery volunteers. 5. Prizes open to volunteers of the United Kingdom. 6. Prizes open to all comers. The first meeting of the association is to be held in Edinburgh, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of the present month; when numerous valuable prizes will be competed for.

Important to Volunteers.—On the 23rd of September last, George Gale, collector of tolls at the White Ladies turnpike-gate, Bristol, was summoned before the magistrates of that city by Mr. F. Shipton, solicitor, a member of the Bristol Volunteer Artillery Corps, for having demanded toll of him, he being in the uniform of a volunteer artilleryman, and being on his way to the practice-ground of the corps, near the mouth of the Avon. Mr. Shipton was accompanied by other volunteers, but it was admitted that there was a civilian in the carriage with them, and owing to his presence the defendant insisted on the toll being paid. On that ground judgment was given for the defendant.

Cheap Boots and Shoes.—This desideratum is at length likely to be within reach of the community. Mr. Corner, a practical manufacturer of twenty years' experience, has just perfected a machine which lessens the cost of production nearly 80 per cent. Prudently confining the results of his experience to a few friends, this gentleman has, unassisted already obtained a considerable contract from the military and naval authorities; and there can be no doubt the merits of his invention will in a short time ensure the supply of all large contracts for this description of goods. The chief object of Mr. Corner's invention is to economise the most expensive and laborious branch of the trade—that of attaching the soles to the upper-leathers. This is accomplished by means of brass screws, which (without entering into a detailed and probably uninteresting description) may be described as effecting the most perfect affinity without the smallest risk of failure. The patentee, having assured himself of the perfect practicability of his invention, has been so fortunate as to secure the co-operation of a few capitalists, under whose auspices a limited-liability company has just been announced for the more complete carrying out of the plan. A more promising undertaking has rarely been launched, and there can be little doubt the small amount of capital required will be immediately forthcoming.

Social Progress.

Cottage Accommodation and Social Morality. On Friday week the monthly meeting of the East Lothian Agricultural Club was held in the George Inn, Haddington—Mr. George Hope, of Fentonbarns, in the chair—for the purpose of discussing "The state of cottage accommodation in the rural districts, and the connection of social morality therewith." Dr. Begg having been invited to attend the meeting and take part in the discussion, there was an unusually large attendance of members, about ninety gentlemen being present. Dr. Begg read an elaborate and interesting statement, in the course of which he said that the rural districts of France give 1 per cent of the births as illegitimate, whereas the proportion in Scotland is double, or upwards of 8 per cent—the average being brought up by particular districts. He said that it seemed to him that landlords were bound to supply, as part of the apparatus of a farm, not only a house for the farmer and houses for the cattle, but suitable dwellings for all the labourers regularly employed upon the farm. Another principle he held to be important—viz., that the family system is the true basis of social morality. It was a mere caricature of this principle to say that he would force all ploughmen to be married. He certainly would not force them to marry any more than any other class of the community, but he would certainly allow them—he would put it in their power—to enjoy all the comforts of a home if they chose. He divided the evil of which he complained—first, an insufficient supply of cottages where cottages exist; and second, the spread of the bothy and farm-kitchen systems, with all their evil results. Upon this subject the reverend gentleman dilated at length. Several members of the club endeavoured to refute portions of Dr. Begg's statements, and Dr. Begg having replied to their speeches, the proceedings, which were of a very interesting character, and were carried on with great good temper, terminated.

Success of the Post Office Savings Banks.—The system continues to progress in a highly satisfactory manner. Considerable extensions are, it is reported, about to be effected, alike in the London district and throughout the country. Memorials praying for the establishment of post-office banks continue to be received by the authorities in St. Martin's-le Grand. In particular, it may be stated that a memorial is being prepared in Chesham, Buckinghamshire, desiring the institution of a bank in that town, and that it has been signed by the managers and trustees of the existing savings bank. An exactly similar memorial has been either dispatched from Ruthlin, in Flintshire, or is in course of preparation. The brewers, distillers, and extensive employers of labour in Middlewich have applied to have a bank established in that district of the metropolis; and the managers of the railway at King's cross are, in conjunction with the coal-merchants, &c., about to memorialise the authorities in favour of instituting a bank in the neighbourhood of the station. Though the interest allowed by the post office bank is not so high as that paid by the old savings banks, yet transfers are daily taking place of the deposits of the latter to the former. For these transfers special provision was made in the Act under which the Post-office banks were established. The transaction does not necessitate any cash payment; indeed, if all the money now in the old savings banks were transferred to the Post-office banks, the payment of a single penny in cash would not be necessary.

The Builders' Strike.—It is understood that the Liverpool masters have withdrawn the lock-out plan, and the question now is how will that effect the masters of London. The object of the present strike, it is proper to remember, is not directly or the nine hours. It is against the hour system. The actual strike is confined to the masons, and the number out is about 250. The bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, and painters, are what is called working under protest. The latest proposition of the operatives was that they should work ten hours a day for the first five days a week at 6s. per day; that on Saturdays they should leave work at twelve o'clock and get 3s. for the half day, thus making the weekly wages 33s. The proposition of the masters was simply the introduction of the hour system, with 7d. as the rate of hourly pay. Considered as a question of time or of wages, there is just a difference of one hour in point of time and 7d in point of money between the proposition of the masters and that of the men. This difference is not a very large one, and it is believed that the operatives think it could without great difficulty be arranged if the masters would abandon the hour system and agree to recognise a day as the standard measure of work. The operatives continue to manifest the utmost repugnance to the hour system. They say that unless it is abandoned the masons will remain out during the winter, and that the other trades will adopt more decisive measures than they are now doing in the spring, or whenever the first favourable opportunity presents itself. The compromise of the men has been accepted by about forty of the smaller metropolitan firms, and they are now working under its conditions. The number of firms adhering to the hour system is twenty-two, but the operatives assert, however, that several of the masters in this number are not by any means enamoured of the hour system, and that they reluctantly adhere to it out of deference to a few of the largest firms. The masters, it is said, meditate the establishment of a still more extensive union among themselves for the purpose of resistance.

The Oastler Monument.—A large meeting of the Bradford Oastler Monument Committee, consisting principally of overlookers and mechanics, was held at the Hope and Anchor Inn, Bradford, on Thursday evening se'nnight, at eight o'clock. The chairman called the attention of the meeting to the sad state of things which existed in Bradford and other towns before Richard Oastler began that career of effort and suffering which ended in the triumphant passing of the Ten-hour Act. It was then unanimously determined to give to all classes every opportunity of joining in the tribute of gratitude to the memory of the good old "Factory King." Addresses were issued, and the collecting-books were prepared to be put into the hands of persons duly authorised to receive contributions. The meeting, after being occupied for two hours in discussion and business arrangements, was adjourned to the next Thursday evening, at the same time and place. The chairman received the thanks of the meeting, which was most harmonious and confident in the success of the project. Similar meetings have already taken place in other towns and villages. The Rev. G. S. Bull, of Birmingham, has been added to the executive committee for Birmingham and the neighbouring places; and Mr. Samuel Kydd, of No 7, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street, for London. Subscriptions are received by the Bradford Banking Company, Bradford, and it is intended to publish a list of subscribers in a few days.

City of London College.—A public meeting, presided over by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, was lately held at Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street, to inaugurate a new City of London College.

Monument at Lyons to Jacquard.—The monument recently erected by the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, in the Cemetery of Ouillins, near that city, over the grave of Jacquard, the inventor of the loom for weaving figured silks, was inaugurated on Tuesday week, in presence of an immense concourse of people. After the religious ceremony, the Mayor of Ouillins, the President of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce, and several other gentlemen addressed the assembled crowd, dwelling at great length on the benefits Jacquard's invention had conferred on the city. The monument consists of a white marble tomb, raised several steps above the level of the ground, and surmounted with a bas-relief representing the city of Lyons crowning Jacquard's bust. Over this, in golden letters, "A. Jacquard" is inscribed. The tomb is surrounded by a handsome iron railing.

The Outrage in Japan.

An attempt was made on the night of the 5th of July last to massacre the British Legation at Yedo, Japan. The story of the assault is briefly as follows:—A long vista of about twenty spent the day at a teahouse in the vicinity of the British Minister's quarters, and between nine and ten o'clock, when "all hands" were in the arms of Morpheus, they drove in the door of the grounds and entered the house. Two of them, one in armour, then approached the quarters of Mr. Consul G. S. Morrison, but, being seen by his servant, he was warned in time to get a sword and pistol before the assassins came up. Mr. Oliphant, having heard the noise, rushed out of his room with a hunting-whip only, and was immediately assailed by one of the two spoken of, who gave him a severe gash on the right shoulder. Hearing Mr. Oliphant cry out, Mr. Morrison drew aside the screen of his room, and found himself face to face with the miscreants one of whom he shot dead; the other he fired at, but the ball glanced off the armour; the Japanese, in return, cutting Morrison across the head, and again wounding Mr. Oliphant in the wrist. At this juncture Mr. Wirgman and Mr. Reginald Russel approached; and, though they were unarmed, their appearance had the effect, it would seem, of inducing the band to retreat, bearing with them the body of the Japanese shot by Mr. Morrison, which, however, they only took into the garden, where they were met by Japanese soldiers and driven away, five being killed in the affray, and seven of the Japanese soldiers wounded. This incident forms the subject of an Engraving on the following page.

The latest intelligence shows that the Japanese Government were in no way privy to the attempt.

M Moreau has reported to the French Academy of Sciences that he has succeeded in collecting the electricity of the torpedo by means of an electroscope and gold condensr.

The long-announced volumes on the Crimean War by Mr. Kinglake, and the third and fourth volumes of Mr. Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," may be expected during the coming year.

Messrs. Ward & Chambers announce "An Economic and Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language," by Mr. Arnold Cooley, to be issued in weekly numbers. The editor promises to give 80,000 words (Walker's Dictionary containing only 23,178, and Sheridan's 37,000), making the most comprehensive dictionary at the price ever published.

A splendid aquarium has been inaugurated in the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne. The building is a long gallery, terminated at each end by pavilion-formed vestibules, painted in fresco, after the Pompeian style of ornamentation. The gallery is 150 feet long, square in form, and open at one side of it, and the other being the glass cases forming one side of it, and the other being left in obscurity. Salt and fresh water fish, crustacea, and other natives of the sea and the river, are here in profusion, swimming around the rocks, or attaching themselves to the bottom or to aquatic plants.

THE RIGHT HON. W. CUBITT, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

MR. ALDERMAN CUBITT has had the high honour of having been twice elected to fill the office of Lord Mayor of London. At the close of the poll on Saturday last the numbers stood thus —The Lord Mayor, 1623; Sir P. Laurie, 1168; Sir H. Muggeridge, 573;—giving the Lord Mayor a majority of 1050 over Sir H. Muggeridge, who was the Alderman next in succession below the chair. A correspondence has passed between the Lord Mayor's committee and his Lordship relative to the late civic contest. The committee congratulate the Lord Mayor upon the result, and consider that a favourable comparison may be instituted between his re-election and that of Sir John Key in 1831. His Lordship, in his reply, expresses the gratitude which he feels for the successful efforts put forth by his friends.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor was born at Buxton, near Coltishall, in Norfolk, and in early life served about four years in the Royal Navy. In 1810, being then nineteen years of age, he turned his attention to commercial matters, and entered the building trade, which he carried on until within the last four years, and in which he realised a handsome fortune, in connection with his brothers. The house of Cubitt is now one of the most eminent in the country. After forty years of successful application to business, Mr. Cubitt, in 1851, retired, and has devoted his attention to the service of the public in other ways. In 1847, while still in business, he was selected by his fellow-citizens to the shrievalty of London and Middlesex, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hill; and at about the same period the electors of Andover returned him as their representative in the Commons House of Parliament, an honour which he resigned a short time ago to contest the city of London. These offices, with his Commissionership of Lieutenancy, and the constant duties which he has to fulfil as a magistrate for Middlesex and Surrey, have eminently qualified him to occupy the civic chair, since his large experience, extending through a long period of active observations both as a citizen and as a magistrate, enable him to bring to his office just the sort of knowledge required. Mr. Cubitt's political opinions are those of an advanced Conservative, who looks to reforms as both desirable and necessary. He is a genuine supporter of Church and State; and yet, in 1855, he voted for the abolition of compulsory church rates. Already those proceedings in Parliament which have been directed to effecting alterations in the Corporation of the city of London have received his assiduous attention, and it is believed that he will cordially support any measure of reform which, while it remodels the civic representation, will interfere neither with the privileges nor property of the corporate body. The Lord Mayor's election to the mayoralty for the ensuing year is very warmly hailed by a numerous circle of friends who esteem he has long enjoyed. The right honourable gentleman has been a widower seven years, and he has suffered other domestic bereavements. His only son died, in 1841, at Cambridge, when about to take his degree, and his eldest daughter died seven years ago; his eldst surviving daughter is the wife of Sir Joseph Olliffe, an eminent physician at Paris and

THE RIGHT HON. W. CUBITT, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON FOR 1861 AND 1862.

THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT JEDDO, JAPAN: FIGHT BETWEEN THE YACUNINS AND THE LONINS.

SCOTCH TERRIER.

BULLDOG.

Physician to the Embassy: she has taken up her abode at and done the honours of the Mansion House. The next in age is the wife of the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Humphery; and a younger one is the wife of Alderman Humphery's second son, a barrister in the Temple and Captain of the Andover Rifles.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF SPORTING AND OTHER DOGS.

The great success of the late Leeds exhibition having aroused the ambition of the London fancy, the proprietor of the new Holborn Horse Repository was induced to revive the same on a grand scale in the metropolis, and, notwithstanding the short space of time which had elapsed since the first advertisement of the affair, coupled with a rival show in the neighbourhood of the City-road, there were above 300 entries for the prizes, independent of more than 100 dogs which were too late for the entry. On Monday week, as the dogs were brought to the show, a large crowd was assembled at the entrance of the repository, which is situated in Holborn, near Day and Martin's. As they were delivered from the different vehicles, &c., the crowd pressed forward, and, until the larger individuals were brought through, the police had anything but a sinecure, but on their appearance, when it took a couple of men or more to hold them, a clear road was allowed. The authorities had an equally easy task when the bull and half-bred gentlemen were introduced—the straining at the slis and the "bleared eye" being a caution to the lookers on, who, as the well-washed quadrupeds passed, gave them a clear berth. The "toys" as they were carried in were greeted by the usual terms of endearment from the femi-

GREYHOUND.

ENGLISH HOUND.

DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

nines, such as "What a dear!" "There's a little beauty!" &c. The animals on Monday night were anything but easy in their new lairs, but towards morning they became tamed from want of rest, notwithstanding the attention paid them by the numerous attendants of the establishment. On Tuesday morning the judges met at nine o'clock to award the prizes, and, £300 being advertised to be given away in various prizes, of course there was a vast amount of time taken up before the public could be informed about the fortunate animals. The chief drawback was a want of the fox and otter hounds, while the beagle and the harrier had some of the finest and best-bred specimens it has been our lot to witness for some years. The decision of the judges, &c., was such that the "canine fancy" had scarcely a cause to grumble at. The show, as regards the dogsexhibiting, was a most complete success, as they varied from the gigantic mastiff to the small toy terrier weighing less than 5lb.

DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

That most intelligent and poetically-imbued chronicler of "The Art of Deerstalking," William Scrope, Esq., has given some of the most graphic descriptions of this sport which a painter, a poet, and a philosopher could possibly congregate in the space of an octavo volume. We have not space to recount all the marvels that have taken place in the course of that most worthy gentleman's experience, but we cannot but make room for his *sine qua non* qualifications of a deerstalker:—"His muscle must be marble and his sinews of steel. He must run like the antelope, and breathe like the trade-winds" (rather Jonathan, this): "he must be also able to run in a stooping position with a greyhound pace, having his back parallel to the ground and his face within an inch of it for miles together. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance and goes floating away on his back (for if he has any tact or sense of the picturesque in it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. . . . To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and, moreover, it is very cowardly to die!" Where is the real home of the deerstalker? In the Highlands of Scotland. Some of the most distinguished locales we will enumerate:—The Forest of Athol, in Perthshire, which is about forty miles long and eighteen broad, containing nearly 140,000 acres, whereof 3742 are occupied by grouse and 51,700 by deer; the Forest of Marr, in Aberdeenshire, consisting of four contiguous glens on the north bank of the Dee, about fifteen miles long and eight wide, covering an area of 60,000 acres; the Forest of Corrichibah, or the Black Mountain, in Argyleshire, containing 30,000 acres; the Forest of Invercauld, 22,000 acres; the Marquis of Huntly's Forest, upwards of 30,000 acres; the Duke of Richmond's, 30,000 acres; and several others of various inferior but approaching extents.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The works at the building for the International Exhibition of next year have proceeded with almost the rapidity of enchantment. Where, a fortnight since, there was nothing but piles of lumber and iron pillars lying in admired confusion, there now arise the light, if not too graceful, skeleton structures which are to connect the nave with the south front. Where were then nothing but bare walls there is now a half-roofed building; where were but pillars end on end, with girders from each pair to its neighbours, there is now a half-covered nave. The annex for machinery is finished, so far as the superstructure is concerned, and in another week we shall be able to announce the completion of the roof of the main front, or picture gallery, which is now considerably more than half covered, and before the 1st of November we anticipate that the roof of the nave will be all up and watertight. The south-east transept is covered, the north east almost so forward, and the south-west and the north-west are well on. Upon the nave, while one set of workmen are setting up the arches, and another set laying on the roof, a third body are following closely at their heels with the felt which is to exclude the rain, and serve the place of slates. The frames of the clerestory windows are in their places, so far at least as the roof is finished, and they are put up as the arches are erected. The ironwork of the domes has been commenced, and the labour will be rapidly pushed forward. About this portion of the building there has been some delay, but we are assured that henceforward every effort will be made to have them ready in time. And, with all done that we have detailed, such is the vastness of the erection, that a doubt arises in the mind of the visitor whether or not the building will be ready by the appointed day. Only four months from this date the building will be required, by the terms of the contract; and four months, or little more than a hundred working days, seems a very short time for the work that remains to be done. And yet, such has been the progress hitherto made, one is ashamed to doubt that Messrs. Kelk and Lucas will keep to their appointed day.

Law and Police.

The Profits of Begging.—At the Mansion House, on Saturday last, a miserable-looking old man and his wife, named Bevari, said to be Italians, the latter of whom carried an accordion, were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with begging. The case was remarkable from the amount of money found upon them. The prisoners were in rags, and their poverty-stricken appearance, that of the man in particular, was at first sight such as to excite commiseration. On Friday afternoon, in the busiest part of the day, they were seen by Police-constable Whitcher, 491, in Threadneedle-street, near the principal outlet from the Bank of England, asking alms of people passing. He saw them receive money, but could not say how much, from two gentlemen and a lady, whose pity they appeared to have moved. With the aid of another officer he took them to the police station in Bow-lane, but not without some difficulty, from their determined resistance. On being searched there £17 in gold, 13s. 3d. in silver, and 1s. 4½d. in copper were found upon the woman, and 7s. 4½d. in copper, 6d. in silver, and a French silver coin upon the male prisoner. As they were foreigners they were discharged with an admonition.

A Curious Dilemma.—At Bow-street, on Saturday, Mr. Newbold, the well-known publisher of sporting prints in the Strand, stated that he had recently discovered in the houses of sporting gentlemen whom he called upon in the way of business, at public-houses frequented by members of "the fancy," and at various picture-frame makers, copies of his large and expensively-got-up print of the contest between Sayers and Heenan for the championship of the prize-ring, which copies had certainly not been issued from his establishment, as they did not bear the embossed stamp which was affixed to every copy sold by him. The Magistrate—If anybody pirates your print, which you have registered, you have the usual remedy. Mr. Newbold—Certainly; but this is not a piracy. It is actually my own print, taken from my plates, and upon my paper. In fact, I consider that it is clearly stolen. The magistrate asked whether the printer had any right to take copies for himself. Mr. Newbold—Certainly not. It is my property. He knows very well that he has no right to take a copy but what I order, all of which should be delivered to me. But, indeed, I don't think he would do so. The magistrate said that if it could be proved that the printer either took copies and sold them, or by negligence allowed his servants to do so, he would be liable to an action for damages. Mr. Newbold had better give notice to all persons having such copies not to sell them, and also advertise, cautioning individuals against selling, and the public against buying, pirated or stolen copies. He must not give any person in custody unless he was sure they had acted dishonestly.

Heartless Robbery.—A Fit Case for the Benevolent.—At the Clerkenwell Court, on Saturday last, Mary Ann Sweet, a flashily-attired female, an ironer, was charged with stealing a money-box and about £6 in money, the property and moneys of Mrs. Adelaide Creed. The prosecutrix, who is a poor needlewoman, had taken the prisoner into her apartment out of charity, and had not only provided her with lodging, but also with food. For some time past the prosecutrix, who had borrowed some money to enable her to take some work, had, as she had earned her wages, placed a portion in the box to repay the loan. She had saved about £6, of which the prisoner was aware. While she was absent, a day or two since, the prisoner broke open the box, took the whole of its contents, and absconded, leaving the prosecutrix in the greatest distress, as the person to whom she owed the money was now pressing her for payment. Information was given to police-constable Cook, 108 S, who took the prisoner into custody, and when he told her the charge she said she had taken the box, but there was not so much in it as the complainant had stated. The prisoner had been getting drunk and flirting about with the money. Police-constable Cook said that the prosecutrix had had to sell a portion of her furniture to meet her wants. The prisoner said she was guilty, but there was not so much money in the box as the complainant had stated. Mr. Barker said this was the most heartless case of robbery that had ever come under his notice. He should sentence the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for six calendar months. He was very sorry for the complainant, and he would give her a small sum out of the poo-box. The poor woman thanked his Worship for his kindness and withdrew.

The Case of Malony, Charged with Murdering his Wife.—Mr. Bury Hutchinson, a solicitor, applied to Mr. Paynter, at the Westminster Police Court, on Saturday, and again on Tuesday, for a warrant to arrest Saunders, the principal witness in the late trial of Malony for murdering his wife, on a charge of perjury. Mr. Hutchinson alleged that there were several serious discrepancies in the evidence of Saunders, the existence of which he was able to prove by the testimony of witnesses. Mr. Paynter on the first occasion declined to accede, but subsequently desired written information on oath to be furnished. Malony is now under sentence of death.

Mr. William Burwood Baldry, the captain of a merchantman, has been accused at the Thames Police Court of having caused the death of one of his seamen by ill-usage, and particularly by his having savagely beaten him with a rope, in September last. The captain reserved his defence, and was remanded.

Foreign News.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Fast Day.—On the 26th of September a national fast was observed. Business was everywhere suspended, and the churches thronged.

Lexington.—After four days' hard fighting the gallant Colonel Mulligan was compelled to surrender to a force which outnumbered his brave garrison eight to one. For fifty-nine hours the men had not a drop of water to quench their thirst, the enemy having cut them off from the river, and all the wells and springs in the town being dried up. Previous to his surrender, Colonel Mulligan offered to take his army out to a level piece of ground and fight the rebel General in the open field with the odds of four to one against him; but the challenge was declined, and capitulation became an inevitable necessity. The Confederates procured a large number of hemp bales, and rolled them in advance, and under their cover gradually succeeded in securing a position in the rear. The gallant commander, Colonel Mulligan, is said to have wept like a child when he found himself compelled to surrender, and it must have proved a bitter trial to him and the undaunted fellows whom he commanded. At Washington it is said that the Cabinet expressed considerable surprise and some indignation that General Fremont did not reinforce Colonel Mulligan, as he has plenty of men at his command. The loss of the Federals was 39 killed and 120 wounded; that of the Confederates 1400 killed and wounded. The non-commissioned officers and privates made prisoners were sworn not to bear arms against the Confederates, and released. The commissioned officers are held as prisoners.

An immense amount of gold, supposed to be about a million of dollars, fell into the possession of the victors. It was taken from the banks and buried by Colonel Mulligan in the camp ground some time ago, but the rebels speedily discovered and unearthed it.

Lexington is the capital of Lafayette county, Missouri, and is a town of the first importance in the western part of the State. It has a population of more than 5000 souls, is on the direct road to Santa Fé by overland route, and is the seat of a large trade. Situated on the right bank of the Missouri, it commands that river; and the Confederates holding it are able to cut off all the Federal communication by that channel with Western Missouri and with Kansas. Thus, as a strategical point, its loss is a serious one to the Federal cause, and its gain one of no small value to the Secessionists. New armies on both sides were marching to the place, and fresh battles were expected.

The Loan.—The subscriptions to the national loan have progressed most satisfactorily.

Above 11,000,000 dollars have been disposed of to private parties in New York alone. The banks in Philadelphia and Boston have been very successful in distributing the amounts for which they became responsible, and it is probable that of the first instalment of 50,000,000 dollars, 30,000,000 dollars have been replaced among the people. This fact, taken with the highly favourable reports of the specie still in bank, showing that the gold taken from their vaults is rapidly returning to them, will remove all obstacles in the way of negotiating the second instalment of 50,000,000 dols., which is to be called for on Oct. 15.

Kentucky appears to have completely thrown itself into the Federal cause, first by its Legislature, then by its orders to the Confederates to retreat, and now by preparations for war, raising funds, and giving the command of the State troops to Major-General Anderson, the defender of Sumter.

The President's Conduct to Fremont.—The overruling "order" of the President is said to show his firmness of purpose to abide strictly by the Constitution and the laws of Congress, in all emergencies whatever, in putting down the rebellion; and to suffer no public functionary exercising a power under him either to transcend the one or to violate the other. The safety of the States as a nation and the security of individuals depend entirely upon observing, not violating, that Magna Charta of their liberties.

Foreign Officers.—A New York paper states that General Garibaldi has written to a friend of his in America that he expects an outbreak in Hungary before long, which may involve seriously Italian independence, and that he cannot, therefore, leave Europe at the present time to accept a commission in the American army, however he might desire to do it. The great Garibaldi is desirous that Americans should be informed of this through the press.

The *New York Herald* gives the following list of persons from foreign countries who have taken service in the Federal army:—Prince Salm-Salm (Prussia), Count de Paris (France), Count Liebenhoff (Prussia), Duc de Chartres (France), Lieutenant Oscar Brendeur, (Prussia), Captain Vegesack (Sweden), Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest (England), Captain Holtman (Sweden), Lieut.-Colonel Fitzroy de Courcy (England), Major W. A. Kirk (Canada), and Colonel Ra. Rankin (Canada). The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres are commissioned as Aides on the Staff of General M'Clellan, with the grade of Captain. The young Princes have stipulated that they shall receive no pay for their services.

The Army.—At the latest advices General M'Clellan had 168,000 men in and around Washington; 30,000 additional were to be there during the next week; and he would altogether command a force of 250,000 troops by the 5th of October. Leaving 100,000 men in the numerous forts and intrenchments which surround

Washington city in all directions, he will, it is said, launch the remainder into the heart of Virginia, similar advances being made at the same time in Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

AMERICAN POETRY ON THE WAR.

COLUMBIA TO ALEXANDER—GREETING.

MOST LIBERAL OF DESPOTS,—

Your letter magnanimous
Seems warm from the heart, and I honour its mimus.
When to millions of helots, with God's approbation,
A wave of your sceptre gave manhood and station,
I said to myself—why the fact should I smother?—
Here's a despot Columbia can hail as a brother.
Like a brother you write in a season of sorrows,
When the clouds of to-day threaten stormier to-morrows,
And in sisterly friendship though England may frown, Sire,
I return with my cap the salute of your crown, Sire.
But you misapprehend the true gist of "the struggle;"
'Tis in arms to put down a most infamous juggle—
To support Freedom, Justice, and Legal Authority,
And sustain that sole Lord of the Free—the Majority.
Yes, in strictest accord with the Nation's Great Charter,
I for Unity strike at the fiends who would part her.
Of "two parties" you talk, say that *both* should hear reason;
But would *you* as an equal, Sire, recognise Treason?
If his boyards should say to the Czar of the Russias,
"You hold liberal opinions—their triumph would crush us;
We are armed, we insist on the realm's dissolution,
Under pain of war, rapine, and wild revolution;"
How would *he* treat the foes that his empire would sunder?
All his sword would flash out, all his cannon would thunder!
And the "settlement" *he* would accord to such haters
Would be the short thrift and the sharp doom of traitors.
Put the case in this light, and then say if you can, Sire,
That *I* should make terms with a black rebel clan, Sire.
For the rest, your warm sympathy cheers and refreshes
My soul, as my sword smites through Treachery's meshes,
In return, of your hand I'll in all time to come be a
Friend and ally.

Yours sincerely, COLUMBIA.

New York Vanity Fair.

AUSTRIA.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, Conservative paper, contains an admission respecting the situation of Austria which must be deemed highly important, considering the quarter whence it issues:—

"The Austrian Monarchy begins to roll. This expression has been recently used by a sailor, and, though terrible, must be acknowledged as true. In its struggle against the waves the vessel of state gets weaker and weaker, and, instead of shaping its course to the port, is kept on the same spot by opposing forces, the victim of a storm too furious for its present strength.

The editor of the *Gros*, having been found guilty of high treason and inciting the people to sedition, has been sentenced to five years' hard labour, loss of nobility, forfeiture of half his caution-money, and deprivation of the faculty of exercising the editorial profession.

EGYPT.

The Nile has risen to an extraordinary point; it rose on Friday s'ennight one foot. Three leagues of railway and telegraph have been destroyed; great damage done. One of the palaces of the Pacha is under water.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* says:—

"The rise in the price of bread is causing great alarm among the public. We believe that we may state that the Caisse de la Boulangerie has taken measures in order that the price of 50 centimes per kilogramme shall not be exceeded."

The King of Prussia arrived at Compiègne Oct. 6, at six o'clock precisely, and was received by the Emperor at the terminus. Their Majesties proceeded thence to the palace in an open carriage, without any escort, the people shouting by the way, "Long live the King! Long live the Emperor!"

The King left on the 8th after a cordial farewell.

HUNGARY.

A funeral service has been solemnised in Pesth in memory of the Hungarian Generals who were executed by order of the Austrian Government on the 5th of October, 1859. The officers of the former National Honved regiments commanded by those Generals were present at the ceremony.

The Comitat of Zalo has resolved to refuse to obey any decree for dissolution. It will only yield to force.

INDIA.

The "Nil Durpan" case has assumed a new phase. The native community, incensed at the remarks levelled at them by Sir Mordaunt Wells in his intemperate charge to the jury, have at last adopted the resolution of memorialising the Queen to remove this gentleman from the Bench.

The Rev. Mr. Long, sentenced by the Calcutta Supreme Court to one month's imprisonment for his publication of the "Nil Durpan" drama, was liberated on the 24th of August, and proposes, it is said, to visit England.

The ceremony of the investiture of Sir Hugh Rose with the insignia of the Order of the Most Exalted Star of India took place at Calcutta on Aug. 26. The whole scene was a magnificent one, and the ceremonial as imposing as became the occasion; the conventional sombre hue of English dress being occasionally relieved by the preponderance of colour given by the numerous military and civil uniforms, with here and there a native gentleman in all the glories of as much gold and jewellery as he could fairly carry; and even the simplicity of the white muslin of austere Brahmins, like the Rajah Radhakant Deb, gave a pleasant relief to the more brilliant costumes.

CHOLERA.—The *Bombay Times* says:—"We noticed in our last issue the appearance of cholera in numerous districts of the country, and regret now to record a terrible visitation of this scourge at Meean Meer, in the Punjaub. We learnt by private letters, a few days ago, that up to the 22d ult. this deadly disease had carried away no fewer than eighty men of the 51st Regiment, and that the 94th had suffered nearly as much."

ITALY.

A pamphlet by Father Passaglia, condemnatory of the temporal power of the Papacy, has appeared at Florence and produced an immense sensation.

The Pope received the Siamese Ambassadors on the 4th, who gave an assurance that the Catholic religion should always enjoy the protection of the Siamese Monarch in his dominions.

The *Official Journal* publishes the Allocution delivered by the Pope on the 30th ult. In this Allocution the Pope deplores the great evils brought upon the Church by the Sardinian Government.

A letter from Venice of the 29th ult. says:—"It has been stated that three ladies—Countess Labia, Mdme. Secondi, and Mdme. Gargnam—had allowed themselves to be locked up in prison rather than pay fines to which they had been condemned for having attended, dressed in mourning, a mass in honour of Count Cavour. The last two have since been discharged from confinement; and a grand demonstration has been made in their favour by the most notable persons in the city, upwards of a thousand visiting-cards and numerous bouquets having been left at each of their houses. Countess Labia is still in prison, the condemnation on her having been more severe than theirs."

MADAGASCAR.

The Queen of Madagascar died on the 18th of August. Her son Rakoto has been proclaimed King, after the death by violence of his cousin, the competitor for the throne, and of the Minister who was the chief of the old Malagache party.

Rakoto, before his accession, had formally demanded a French protectorate.

The country is said to be tranquil.

MEXICO.

The Juarez Government has been endeavouring to farm the customs.

Marquez had taken Queretaro, and was marching on the capital, where anarchy was at its height.

Several of the principal inhabitants of the city of Mexico had been arrested on a charge of having signed addresses demanding a Spanish protectorate.

POLAND.

The session of the Council of State was opened on Oct. 1, by Count Lambert, Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Poland and President *ex officio*, who said in the course of his speech, "The country, in spite of all the obstacles which error and malevolence endeavour to throw in its way, proves to the world that it is ripe for *elective institutions*, and it thus consoles the heart of our Imperial and Royal master, by confirming him in his favourite maxim that liberty leads to peace, order, and security." The Count, it appears, had previously kept his own counsel, and communicated his speech to nobody. The effect it produced on the assembly was surprise, mingled with delight. Should facts correspond to words, it may be hoped the Polish question will enter into a new phase.

In the small town of Czeladz, Russian Poland, an insurrection has just taken place. The people tore down the Russian eagle from several of the public buildings, and set up the Polish eagle in its place. The Mayor of the town is stated to have been killed.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government has ordered the construction of 250 rifled canon of small calibre, which, it is expected, will be pre-eminently useful for their unparalleled combination of lightness and extent of range. The new guns, which are called 4-pounders—the balls in reality weighing three times as much—will be drawn by four horses, and, if necessary, can be handled by the same number of men.

RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 26th of September gives the following important details respecting the progress of the great railways in the empire:—"It is declared with certainty that the whole of the line from St. Petersburg to Eydtkuhn will be opened by the end of October, and an effort will be made to make it available at the time of the coronation of the King of Prussia, at Königsberg. By this line only thirty-six hours will be occupied in the distance between Berlin and the Russian capital, and there will be a corresponding diminution in the time at present occupied in the route from many other portions of Europe to St. Petersburg."

SPAIN.

The Madrid official *Gazette* states that 47,000 Spanish troops, of whom 25,000 consist of regiments of the line, are now in the Spanish Antilles. Some of them will be probably employed against Mexico.

TURKEY.

Montenegro has rejected the conditions under which the Porte had consented to raise the blockade. The blockade will therefore be vigorously maintained.

The Porte has submitted a proposal to the European Commission to the effect that the former should issue a firman according to the union of the Principalities during the life of Prince Couza.

Six battalions of Turkish troops have been attacked by the insurgents, and defeated, after a fight of four hours, with 100 killed and wounded.

Recreations.

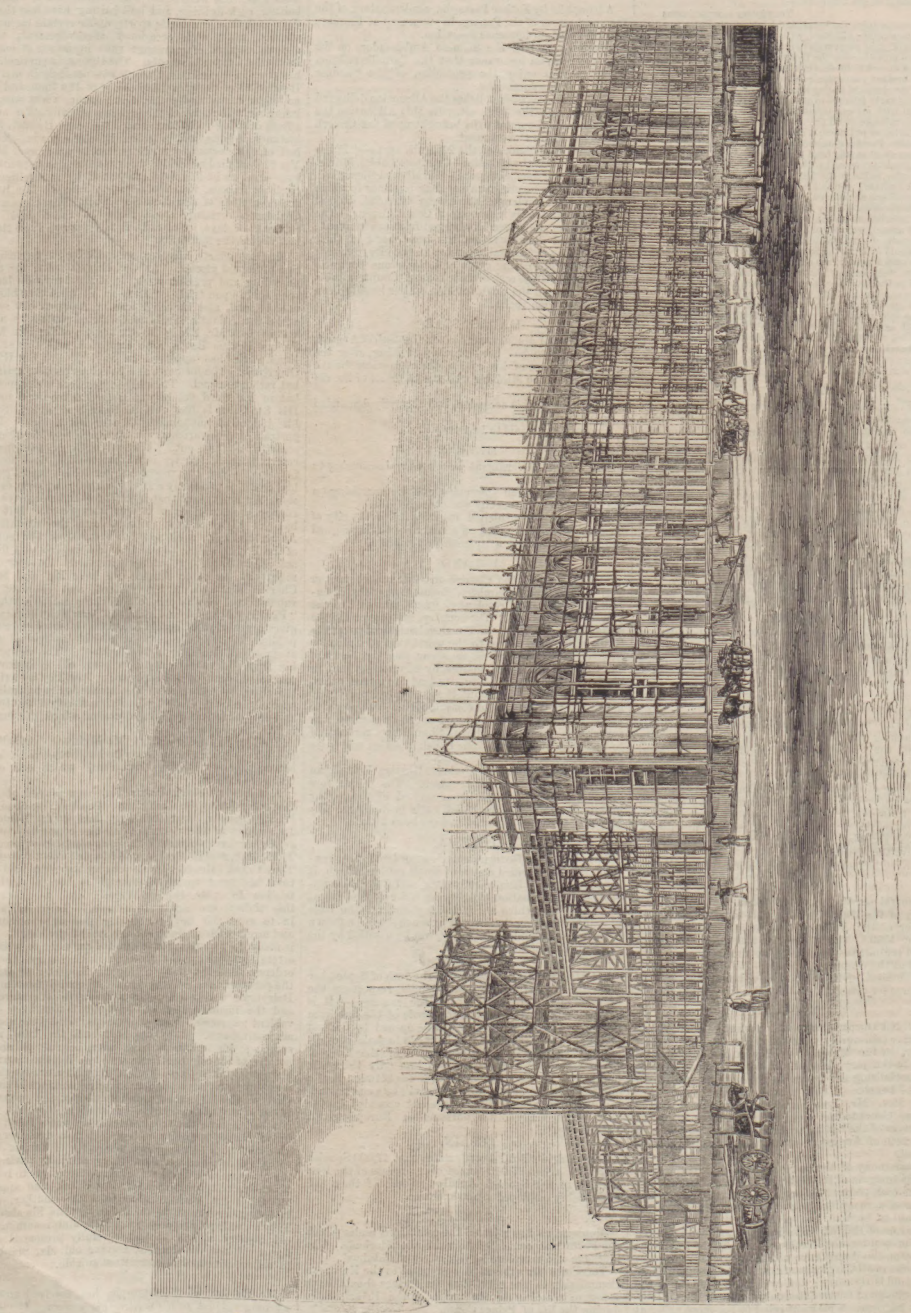
WOULD you know a man's real character, ascertain how he employs his leisure. "By the same token," would you know the character of a people, consult their amusements. Those of the English are very different from what they were in old Elizabethan times. Bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting have had their day; and, though athletic sports, under certain circumstances, meet with occasional encouragement, the general current of patronage runs in favour of more intellectual entertainments. The Drama, in particular, has risen in estimation, though not precisely in merit. It partakes of the prevailing colour of the time, and is no longer robust and poetic, but assumes a less stimulating air. It registers the progress of civilisation, and affects drawing-room manners. The stage Hamlet, for instance, is gone, and a polite Hamlet come in. The last of the declamatory actors, too, is no more. Mr. Vandenhoff died on Friday week, at the age of seventy-two—died, as he had lived, respected by an intelligent circle of friends, who looked upon him as the best representative of the Kemble school. His Cato and Coriolanus certainly stood alone in these days, or rather *those* days, for already it is years ago since they last visited the footlights.

Expiring efforts, however, are made for the reproduction of the old glories. At the HAYMARKET, for the preceding and present week, legitimate revivals have been again upon trial. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the civil war in America has sent across the Atlantic shoals of theatrical professors, and among them Mr. Edwin Booth, the son of the late Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, who competed with the elder Kean. He has appeared in Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach. The former was a judicious piece of acting, but rather unequal. The early scenes were underpitched; but in the third act he was altogether too impetuous. His Sir Giles is less obvious to such remarks. Still his judgment preponderates over his genius. His portrait of the avaricious citizen is well considered and steadily worked out. His strength is manifestly reserved for the scenes in which great physical power is needed; and the impulsive, for which report gave him credit, is prudently restrained until the proper occasion. All must grant that, when it comes, he displays an energy as marvellous as it was unexpected. But he has yet to learn how to harmonise the situations. As we have said, a change has come over the spirit of the British stage; pieces like Massinger's and fiery acting like Kean's are seldom witnessed. On alternate nights, at the same theatre, we have Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews in the lightest and slightest of vaudevilles. A new one, under the attractive title of "Paul Pry Married and Settled," in which the former gives a new view of an old character, is now before the public. There is the same inquisitive individual still at mischief, but after a new fashion. The victim of his impertinent curiosity is a burly old citizen who conceals his grapes in a cupboard. Paul Pry is terribly tantalised by this secret. The incidents are not otherwise interesting. Indeed, the affair is simply a bagatelle, and only fit to suit a passing occasion, which, of course, is all it is meant for.

Pending the rehearsal of M. Feehter's "Othello," the PRINCESS' is occupied with Mr. Brougham's five-act comedy of "Playing with Fire," which still continues to attract.

A new serio comic drama has been played at the OLYMPIC during the week, founded on the French piece, "La Ramoneur," but entitled "Jack of all Trades." In support of the dramatic persons concerned in its action we have to record three new appearances—Mr. J. W. Ray, Mr. H Neville, and Miss Florence Haydon. Toby Crank (Mr. Neville) is one of the men who can turn his hand to anything, and is blessed with a brother Joe (Mr. Horace Wigan), who, as a travelling tinker, can assist his views. Toby is called in to cure the smoky chimney of a rich merchant, and meets with an unexpected piece of good luck. He is made to substitute a West Indian heir to a large estate, supposed to be drowned in his voyage over, in order to provide a husband for the daughter of one of the partners in a wealthy firm. Messrs. Stapleton and Dalrymple had so purposed a *solidarité* of interests, and the formation of one opulent family by a convenient marriage. Five years elapse before the second act commences. Toby has sustained the trial with success; his manners have even become polished; nothing of the original tramp remains. But the marriage has not yet taken place. Violets (Miss Florence Haydon), it now appears, has a previous attachment. Jack Heartall (Mr. W. Gordon), the legal inheritor of the property, is the object of her choice,—a briefless barrister, who has had leisure to form a friendship with Toby, and found the opportunity of doing him a great service. The latter, in his supposed character of Fergus Dalrymple, is enabled to show his gratitude by paying off the young man's debts. He likewise resolves to resign his claims to the young lady. Joe Crank also appears on the scene with a letter from his mother, who, believing her son to be in India, mourns his absence. Toby's feelings are deeply touched, and, resuming his old toggery, which he had carefully preserved in a summer-house, he departs, leaving old Mr. Stapleton to believe that he had committed suicide.

Mr. Robson, of the Olympic, has received another warning against over-exerting his powers. The other evening, while performing, he fell into the arms of an actor in a fainting state, and his name has since disappeared from the bills.



PROGRESS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.—VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

A WIFE AT A VENTURE.—ANNE INTRODUCING EDWARD TO MRS. LORKIN.—CHAPTER II.

A Wife at a Venture.

CHAPTER I.

Let me solicit the reader to permit him or her self to be introduced into the studio of a lady who, eschewing profit, and regardless of fame, which makes itself audible through a very demonstrative trumpet, had for many years devoted herself to the art of painting. To portraits Miss Daubigny had restricted the exercise of her pencil, chiefly, she made it known, because she abominated nature, but partly (let me communicate that knowledge) because even a tolerable likeness of that old dame, in any one of her infinite variety of aspects, was what she never could hit off to her own satisfaction. For, not to mention linear or interlinear, real or ideal, perspective distances that melt away in the horizon, &c., a landscape is nothing without some animation, brute or human, in it; and cattle at pasture, cows ruminating, sheep grazing, chickens feeding, boys fishing, students reading at waterfalls, and so on, were stubborn impossibilities to her; nay, she had never attained an old man, with his old woman in a red cloak, toiling in the distance along a path leading (if it did lead) to that church—the provoking old toads!—she would have nothing to say to them.

Now, no such difficulties beset her when she sought to transfer to canvas the human countenance. All men and women have noses, mouths, and eyes; and these are all more or less alike. There are exceptions, indeed; and if one of them found his way to Miss Daubigny's studio, he was extremely welcome. Monoculous men, heroes defeatured in the wars, and gentlemen born to confound the theory of nasology, were godsends to her. In the pursuit of this department of the art, then, she had provided for many a home a counterfeit presentment of the heads of the family, such as sometimes exceedingly perplexed the parents, and created the astonishment, or excited the harmless mirth, of the younger branches, who, when their turn came, had some difficulty in identifying themselves or each other.

At the moment that we are observing Miss Daubigny, she is in a state of irritable impatience, evidently in momentary expectation of the arrival of a young gentleman, a little behind his time, whose half-finished portrait she is gazing at with a knit brow, which, to the stranger, might have betokened malevolence, but which is, in reality, a manifestation of hypercritic scrutiny; and now she begins, first with a pointed, and then with a circuitously waving, brush to tax the original in his representative with a shameful want of punctuality, and with a callous indifference to the convenience of others, whose precious time is thus frittered away. But the entrance, at this instant, of the young gentleman dispelled Miss Daubigny's rising ill-humour; and, with a smile of welcome and a hasty shake of the hand—intimating, thereby, that art must forthwith be attended to—she directed him to an elevated chair.

"I must beg your pardon, my dear aunt, for detaining you so long," said Singleton, arranging his hair in a form that a few days previously had been assigned for it by Miss Daubigny, "but I have been detained in the City on very particular business."

A WIFE AT A VENTURE.—MISS DAUBIGNY'S ARTISTIC IDEA OF SINGLETON'S WEDDED BLISS.

"Raising money, I suppose, at an exorbitant interest?" observed Miss Daubigny, mixing her colours.

"No—not quite brought to that yet," returned the nephew, smiling. "But how came you to know that such transactions were usually managed east of Temple Bar?"

"Your uncle, the Colonel," replied the artist, "has often told us of what he called the struggles of his early days. He was a remarkably fine young man (that likeness of him by Lawrence is very faulty, by-the-by, in many points)—but he was one of that class of insects who exist upon paper. He had the name for them, but I forget it; and used to say that if his signatures to acceptances had been placed in a continuous line they would have reached from the Queen's Bench to the Fleet Prison."

"He needed no such track to find his way from one to the other, I believe," remarked Singleton.

"He did not; constantly intramural, as he called it, till he married my sister, who brought him a fine fortune, the small remains of which have descended to you. *They* need no track, I suspect, to find their way after the rest."

"I wish from my heart," said Singleton, earnestly, "there were no such medium of exchange in the world as money. The sooner I get rid of mine, I think, the better."

"That you may begin upon mine, I suppose?" observed Miss Daubigny, briskly. "No," she continued, labouring with painful minuteness at an eye, "never shall *that* light upon a farthing of mine. Husks for the prodigal; beans and bacon, ducks and green peas, for the provident. Why, what on earth would you do without money?"

"I want something on which to expend and to expand my energies," replied Singleton; "I want to earn money."

"Well, go and do it, then. What hinders?"

"The cursed money I have. No, no; I will say with old Lear, 'Off, off, ye lendings!' I must strip to wrestle with the world."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Edward Singleton," observed his aunt, facing about, and, with folded arms, constructing a sentence at once laconic and impressive, "you will soon bring yourself, Sir, to this extremity—you will be compelled either to sue a rich heiress or the parish authorities."

"The latter were preferable," returned Singleton, laughing. "What! marry for money! Turn the Rotunda of the Bank of England into the Temple of Hymen! Ask the clergyman to complete what the stockbroker had begun! Not to be thought of. Why, I couldn't look a shilling in the face that had been got by such means. One might almost expect the lions, Scotch and English, on the reverse side of

the coin, to spring out of it and tear to tatters such a pecuniary Pyramus."

"And the Irish harp to raise a dirge over the grave of sentiment. Very fine, Edward, very fine. Then you mean to marry for love?"

"I mean to marry a girl, if I can win her, who will love me. You know how I hate the absurd—nay, worse—the soul-degrading conventionalities of society: I'll have nothing to do with 'em. I long to be really independent—to be an active member of society. Toil is healthful; labour is sweet: and I can conceive no greater reward of it than the approving smile of a pretty woman who loves you; and such a woman, whatever her station in life may be, shall be my wife."

Miss Daubigny was somewhat flighty in a few particulars, but she was generally esteemed a woman of good sense, and she had seen a great deal of what constituted her world. She could not help thinking that her nephew had been uttering a great deal of folly in a few words.

"I'll lay a Vandyke to a Sir Peter Lely," she said suddenly, darting an inquisitive glance at him, "that you have fallen head over ears in love with some penniless, handsome girl, who has infected you with those hoity-toity notions. Oh! you may shake your head; and that heightened colour would be useful to me, were it permanent. Well, it's no concern of mine. I hope it's not some low-born person? If so—— But if you have no regard for the honour of your family, why should I trouble myself, who am only related to you as having been the sister-in-law of your uncle?"

"Just so, my dear madam; and as my genealogical tree has many grafts upon it, and some that have strange fruit, I don't know why I should be over nice."

"But mine," declaimed Miss Daubigny (this was a favourite theme of hers), "has borne no fruit that even eagles dare peck at. My genealogical tree has been fenced round with ancestral spears; and, while *I* am its protectress, none of the vulgar herd shall approach to browse upon its leaves; and—and—what shall I say?—to nibble the bark off. But you may go now; I have done with you to-day. Come on Thursday. Adieu!"

By no means sorry to be released, Singleton descended from his chair, seized his hat, shook hands, and went on his way, marvelling how such a passion as pride of birth should possess people otherwise of good understanding. "A strange infatuation!" he concluded.

On her part, Miss Daubigny stood before the portrait of her nephew for several minutes in a state of deep abstraction. Her lips moved; she was making comments to herself. At length, she lifted it from the easel, and placed it against the wall. "Now," said she, "I'll give the finishing touch to the *old* beggar."

CHAPTER II.

HARDLY without the boundaries of the city of London, and even within the City itself, there are many arched openings, scarcely if at all larger than a doorway, that lead to courts—to the right or left, as the case may be—which contain cottages on either side, with miniature gardens in front, chiefly devoted to the growth of the red daisy, the wallflower, the nasturtium, and the scarlet bean. In one of these courts, and in one of such cottages, not far from Upper Whitecross-street, dwelt a widow and her daughter.

Mrs. Lorkin had been the mother of several children, who had died in their infancy; and, when she lost her husband, little Anne was the only one remaining to her. The child had never been an occasion of much expense to the widow. Very pretty, and, though gentle, with a frank and confiding animation in her manner, she had been taken under the protection of two ladies in succession, who had first been attracted by her appearance, and next interested by her amiable ingenuousness. By the former of these ladies she had been sent to a daily school, and had been treated with all the kindness that affection and benevolence could suggest; but from the latter, who was a much older woman, of greater experience, and of far higher acquirements, she received that wise instruction and moral counsel which fitted her for the station in life she was in all probability to occupy: from her, likewise, insensibly to both, she derived a certain formality of speech and precision of demeanour which sometimes enhance the charm of a beautiful person—never so much so, perhaps, as when we see an innate gaiety of disposition lurking beneath them.

It had been averred by Mrs. Roberts, while Anne was yet very young, that the girl was as genteel as one of her own children, and that it would be a sad pity that such well-shaped and delicate hands should be spoiled. She thought, accordingly, that it would never do that she should be sent into the world as a maid servant. The more sedate Mrs. Selwyn was of the same opinion, but for very different reasons. She feared that Anne was not framed to bear up against any serious and repeated trials of her sensibility; that she had not enough pride; and that her very excess of innocence might lead to the meditation of designs against her which she would not be able to resist, and which she might sink under. But these half prophetic fears (as the good lady thought them) were not to be refuted or realised during her lifetime; and Mrs. Lorkin was left to her own devices, which were—bearing in due remembrance all that had been dissuaded and recommended by her two patronesses—that her girl should do as her mother had done before her, get her livelihood as well as she could, in the best path of life her parent could assign to her. Anne Lorkin, then, was put apprentice to a dressmaker, that being a calling at once genteel and profitable, very little spoiling the hands, and not more fraught with temptation than any other with which Mrs. Lorkin was acquainted.

"Besides," as she said, "she had confidence in her Anne;" "it was as girls were inclined, and people must take their chance."

Let not this poor woman be hastily censured. She solved the knotty points of casuistry as well as she could. It was her opinion—which necessity and experience had confirmed—that this is not a world to think in, but to work in; and that if men and women were constantly employed they would neither do nor come to any harm. She was a good mother, as she best knew how to be one, and would have broken her heart had any evil befallen her daughter.

To say that Anne was the pride of the court in which she and her mother resided would be to pay a compliment to human nature which my respect for truth forbids me to bestow. She was now about twenty, and possessed no ordinary share of beauty—a qualification which the male portion of that rough community well knew how to appreciate—accompanied, as it was, by a modest civility and a gentle obligingness. But these were accessories which some of the fair inhabitants of the court set their faces against as innovations on the old-established order of things—as affected airs to set off a pretty face; whilst others especially commended Anne as a well-behaved young woman, but ignored her pretty face altogether. By none was she accounted perfection. Venus, with her creaking sandals, is an old story, of which we are frequently reminded.

One evening, when Anne returned from her work, she did not, as she was accustomed to do, place her bonnet on a chair and her shawl on the back of it, and forthwith sit down to the supper which was always in readiness for her; but she went to her drawers which stood in the room, opened one of them, and took out her second-best gown, which she very particularly inspected in all manner of lights communicable by a very dreary end of candle.

"What in the world is the girl fiddling about?" demanded Mrs. Lorkin, impatiently. "Come to your supper, do."

"Mother," said Anne, in the clearest and most measured tone imaginable, but she blushed exceedingly as she spoke, "a young gentleman is coming to see me to-night."

"A young gentleman! what is the girl dreaming about? A young man, you mean. Young gentleman, indeed! I didn't know you were keeping company with any one. You ought to have told me."

"Yes—and so I intended; but ——. However, you will see him presently; I expect him in a quarter of an hour. Well, you may look in that way, mother, but I'm *sure* he'll come. Do let me get my dress on;" and Anne hastened up the stairs, which had their commencement in a back corner of the room.

"Young gentleman! I'll young gentleman him, if he means any harm to my girl," muttered Mrs. Lorkin, hastily returning the supper to a cupboard, shaking the green baize of the little round table, sweeping the hearth, and taking down two bright brass candlesticks which ornamented the mantelpiece, and putting two "long sixes" into them. "Well, but it looks like fair in the young man to call upon Anne at her own home, where, I dare to say, he knows before this there's a mother to look sharp after him."

When the daughter reappeared, flushed with almost tremulous excitement, and as she sat uneasily in her seat, starting at every sound in the court, the old lady could not help thinking that it was no wonder any young fellow, gentle or simple, should take a fancy to such a pretty creature. But her natural pride soon gave place to an apprehension which grew out of it: she could not help thinking, likewise, that Anne was a little further gone than was desirable.

A tap at the door with the knuckles, followed by a raising of the latch, caused Mrs. Lorkin suddenly to drop her hands into her lap, and to stare straight before her with all the demure might of which she was capable; and Anne sprang forward, and, placing her two hands in the right hand of the stranger, welcomed him without a word, being too bashful to introduce him to her mother; he "would think she did it so awkwardly."

Mrs. Lorkin, seeing this position of affairs, arose, and dropping a short curtsey, in spite of herself, hoped the gentleman was well; bade him take a seat, and asked him what might his name be?

"My name is Edward Singleton, Ma'am; and, having met your daughter several times——"

"Five times," faltered Anne.

"Five times—you are perfectly right—I have come, not by invitation certainly, but at my own entreaty, to see her at her own home. You are very kind. Thank you. I *will* do myself the pleasure of coming frequently. I would much rather see her here than elsewhere."

This was satisfactory enough, so far as it went—it was speaking up, something like a man; and the old lady liked that. She could now readily assent to the remark that it *had* been quite a fine day for the time of year; that the days *were* drawing out; that the court *did* look quite countrified in the summer time. These topics being soon exhausted, and none others immediately presenting themselves, Mrs. Lorkin responded to a significant summons from her daughter, and retired with her to a washhouse hardly larger than the copper it contained, across which a brief consultation took place.

"It mustn't be gin, mother; it mustn't, indeed," urged Anne; "brandy's the least we can offer him."

"Brandy! why, it's like drinking gold, child," remonstrated the other.

A compromise was at length effected: rum, with a lemon, and a few biscuits, would answer the purpose exceedingly well. As Singleton stood with the latch between his fingers, while Anne passed under the low doorway, he thought he had never in his life seen a more graceful bend of the head; and, as he watched her through the obscurity, surely no professor, with all his studied mimicry of nature in her happiest development, could ever teach anything like that unconscious grace of motion. He was at length startled by a tap on the elbow; and, turning round, encountered an eager beckoning, and a peremptory backward jerk of the head, on the part of Mrs. Lorkin.

"Sit down, Sir; I want to say a few words to you. You'll excuse me, Mr. Edward," she continued, "but I'm a mother, and I desire to act as one. I want to know what you mean by coming to see my daughter."

"My dear Mrs. Lorkin," began Singleton. He hesitated.

"It's all very well, 'My dear Mrs. This,' and 'My dear Mrs. That,'" said the old lady; "but she has no relative in the world but myself to take her part (Singleton was inwardly extremely glad to hear that); and I musn't have her feelings played upon by no one."

"You need not suspect anything wrong in me," replied Singleton, striving after the most intelligible language he could lay hold upon; "I would not wrong Anne or insult her for the world. *She* knows I would'nt, I am sure of it. You know what I mean. Come, I love—*love* her."

"That'll do," said the old lady, who had been gazing fixedly at him, and who held a firm persuasion that eyes never deceived her, and she put forward her old Saxon hand, deeply impressed with the time-honoured escutcheon of labour. "I think I can trust you, Mr. Edward, and I know I can trust Anne."

The girl soon returned; the rum-and-water was made and approved; restraint wore off; and even Mrs. Lorkin began to conceive a liking for the animated young man who sat opposite to her, even though he was a young gentleman—a class of the *genus homo* which the poor are by no means ambitious of seeing as suitors for their girls. It is observable that in the lower ranks is to be found the quickest and the most jealous sense of what best befits their station. As to Anne, she was supremely happy, though she said little or nothing. To be seated near him (Edward she already called him in her thought), to sip out of the same glass with him, to be able sometimes to look at him when he was not looking at her; to find that every word he uttered (young goose that she was!) did but confirm her previous opinion of his wit, his wisdom, and his good nature—this was, indeed, present felicity: something to have, and to know you have—no past, no future, no yesterday, and no to morrow, but a delightful *now*. Poor Anne! she was very far gone, indeed.

"What do you think of him, mother?" she asked, when Singleton had departed.

"Oh, if he's only as good as he looks, he'll do well enough."

"Isn't he very handsome?"

"No, I can't say I think he is," said Mrs. Lorkin, who had a taste of her own; "not half so good-looking, I should say, as Jem Bowles."

Jem Bowles! After that, what was to be said? She never thought Jem Bowles ugly until now. Why, none of the portraits of young gentlemen she had seen in the shop-windows, with a curtain behind them, and their fingers daintily dropped upon a richly-covered table, could compare with Edward. But it was only her mother's nonsense.

From this time forth Singleton came very frequently, and as the days grew longer he attracted the attention of the neighbours, who exchanged such comments with each other as the case really appeared to justify. It is true that the openness with which these visits were made, and the frankness of the young man—who laughed with the girls, talked with the men, and had a kind word for the old women—somewhat perplexed them. But then, oh! it was too clear a case! They pitied and condemned, were surprised, and "expected something like it all along," till the dresses were made, and it was given out that two of Anne's young friends were coming early the next morning, and that "Mr. Edward" would bring a coach to the end of the court at nine precisely, to take Anne to St. Luke's Church, to be married. "My dear girl," said Singleton, on that evening, placing some money in her hand, "this will come best from you: a little for the good people to-morrow to drink our health and happiness. I have settled something on your mother—enough to buy her an annual duffel cloak, a pair of pattens, and all that. As to ourselves, we are young, and have stout hearts; we can do battle with poverty."

"How good—how very good—you are, dearest Edward," said Anne, kissing his hands. Then, recalling his last words, she fixed her large eyes upon him in a momentary surprise, and then laughed. "You have got enough, I'm sure, Edward, to make us happy."

Singleton winced, and a depressing thought or two was about to enter his mind; but who could encourage anxious forebodings on such a night?

Really beautiful as Anne looked in her wedding dress, as she passed through the court on the next morning, she excited no envy. The hearts of women are softened at the sight of a bride; and there are few of either sex, or of any age, who can behold one quite unmoved. Nevertheless, many of them took care that there should be no mistake in the matter, and were present at the ceremony; and, in the evening, conferred unimpeachable authenticity on the certificate, which Mrs. Lorkin exhibited ostentatiously, and with no self-restrained exultation. It was observed by a few of the more sagacious and deeply-pondering spirits of the court, that, whereas Mrs. Lorkin had hitherto shown a rather democratic turn of mind, she now gave evidences

of a high patrician tendency, and talked of "Mr. Edward Singleton," her "son-in-law," a "real born and bred gentleman"—affably enough, to be sure, but in a way that was, "let me tell you now, coming it a little *too* strong."

CHAPTER III.

Singleton took his wife to pass the honeymoon in Derbyshire. Had he thought before marriage of consulting Anne's taste, or speculated on the probability of her possessing any taste at all, he could not have chosen a spot more likely to captivate the girl, and to assure her—what she now saw—how beautiful this world is: and—what she now knew—how dear a fellow he was for bringing her to see it. The wonders of the Peak had endless charms for her: they were sufficiently romantic, without being awful or terrible; and enhanced the loveliness of other scenes with which she became acquainted. But if Anne was happy during the weeks that custom has prescribed for enabling ladies to put on the matron, her husband was not less so, even though he bestowed little consideration on that scheme of happiness which was to be wrought out of the sense of independence to be supplied by poverty. Indeed, so little did he appear to dream of carrying out his theory, that he was delighted at witnessing the present entire and full contentment of his wife, and deemed himself a lucky dog in having the means to provide fresh pleasures for her. "Poverty will come soon enough," he sometimes whispered to himself, and with a half sigh, "and it would be a pity to obtrude even the talk about it just yet."

Meanwhile he was enchanted with the novelty of the girl's remarks on everything that came under her observation, and with what appeared to him to be her just appreciation of the natural beauties that surrounded her, even though these remarks were sometimes conveyed in language with a grammatical flaw or two in it. On subjects that relate to our conduct in life and our commerce with the world, he was surprised to find that she could talk better than he could teach; and when she touched on topics still more serious and important, with the grave and measured intonation she had caught from Mrs. Selwyn, but which she must now discard (for Edward had laughed at her upon it), he listened well pleased; but—he could not but confess it to himself—he listened that he might learn. What a dear love of a girl this is! thought he. "But what a strange and charming original! With the artlessness and gaiety of a child, the demureness of a nun, and the wisdom of a Minerva. By Jove! there never was such a wise innocent. When we get back to town I must call in one or two masters for her. A few accomplishments won't spoil her, I should imagine; won't unfit her for returning to—— No; *that's* out of the question."

On their arrival in town, Singleton took furnished lodgings in a very retired street out of Cavendish-square; and, as soon as he entered them, began seriously to ask himself in what manner he was to dispose of his wife—how he could best make her happy; and he decided that, for the present at least, it would be as well to keep his marriage a secret from his friends. It is true that, about a week after that event, he had written to Miss Daubigny informing her of the important circumstance, and in a tone of audacious exultation promising himself such an amount of felicity from the married state as the artist had never conceived of in her younger and most romantic days, and could not very well tolerate the talk about to a woman of fifty. He fully expected that she would not whisper a word of his marriage; indeed, she had told him as much in the sharp reply she sent him, which inclosed a pen-and-ink drawing representing in a somewhat rude and confused manner an ill-favoured and malicious couple flinging articles of furniture at each other's heads, while a seriously fat and affrighted Cupid, his wings tattered, and his locks on end, is escaping through a lattice window. He had laughed at this at the time; and had felt a little indignation that his aunt should seem to imply that he had disgraced himself by marrying a poor and low-born girl. But now he blushed to acknowledge it to his own heart—he was extremely reluctant to introduce Mrs. Singleton to his acquaintances. Spite of her loveliness and the endearing grace and native propriety of her manner, there were indications constantly recurring that betrayed the class from which she had sprung; good, home-spun sense generally, which ladies seldom take into company, but (which are also absent) sometimes innocent *naïvetés* which he delighted to hear, but which he by no means wished should be heard by others. To say the truth, Anne spoke her mind and displayed her feelings with a spontaneousness seldom approved by polite society; Singleton could never have been made a wise man, nay, he had never encouraged habits of ordinary reflection. He had imagined to himself the triumph of surmounting poverty by the exercise of vigorous energies, but he had never pictured the sordid struggles, the soul-vexing cares and disquietudes that must be made and suffered before independence may be achieved. This was his mistake; but he never meditated a greater into which a man of more understanding might have fallen—he never seriously thought that, by qualifying a woman for a higher station than she is born to, we unfit her for returning to it.

And now the accomplishments must be looked after, and professors of them were soon found. Curious and interesting to the young husband was it to watch the ardour with which Anne entered upon her studies, and to observe the resolute perseverance with which she pursued them. The progress she made appeared in his eyes marvellous. It almost seemed to him as though at some former period she had learned French and been taught music—that it was an effort of memory to recall, not of the mind to acquire. Sometimes he took her to a play, to the races, or to other recreations, where, if he met a friend, a nod of recognition would suffice; but he himself mixed with society as heretofore, and, perhaps, had he been taxed with being a married man, he would have denied it. But no insinuation ever reached his ear of that kind, or of another which might more naturally have been anticipated. Thoughtless though he was, he was not unfeeling: and had he known that the beautiful girl who sat by his side in public places was accounted one of those by whom forms and ceremonies are held in slight estimation, he would have felt that he had done small honour to the woman he loved by making her his wife on such terms. But what he did not see was at length shown him.

One day, about two years after his marriage, he brought home, unexpectedly, a young gentleman to dine with him, whom he introduced to Anne as Mr. Bourchier, his schoolfellow at Harrow, and his intimate friend at the University. This young gentleman was of very soft and gentle manners, and was highly accomplished, having resided for a time in almost every capital of Europe. There was something at once deferential and confiding in the tone of Mr. Bourchier's conversation, which was chiefly of a sentimental character, although it was couched in terms and bore reference to feelings which, or rather the exactions of which, Anne could not quite comprehend. She soon began to take a liking for him (for he now came frequently), and to feel a pity for him; thinking the young and interesting gentleman was deeply attached to some lady who was unable to requite his love—which, to judge from his interpretation of the passion, was of a singularly sublime and world-renouncing nature. At length he ventured to bring some French novels containing, as he said, an exposition of the spiritual instincts and impulses which impel the soul to seek happiness in congenial natures. An attentive perusal of these performances, he averred, would silence or satisfy certain objections which Anne, in all simplicity, had urged. The prejudices of custom and education, with these helps to their dissolution, would melt away in Mrs. Singleton's pure intellect, and free exercise would be given to her ardent sensibilities.

Never was young and accomplished gentleman, who had seen all the capitals of Europe, and assayed his vices in each, and found them genuine and current, more mistaken in his life. The doctrines here propounded Anne did not follow to their consequences: it was enough for her to see that restraints and ordinances which she had been taught to reverence were ridiculed as futile, or stigmatised as tyrannous; and that virtue was at one time represented as so stationary that she needed no ties, and at another as so fugacious that none could bind her. Surely, Mr. Bourchier had been making an unwarrantable experiment upon her sense and feelings.

"I could be almost inclined to scold you for leaving these volumes with me," she said, as she returned them to him, "but that I believe you intended to pay me a compliment, which, however," with a gentle smile, "is by no means a happy one. But such pictures, repulsive as they are, serve to show that the worst would willingly retain a character for virtue, even while they fulfil none of the conditions prescribed by it."

"You are quite right," replied Bourchier, with a bland sneer, "there *are* such people, Mrs. Singleton," laying a strong emphasis on the name; and he proceeded in the most delicate manner imaginable to intimate that the lady with whom he had the pleasure of conversing might, by some plain-spoken people, be instanced as a case in point. The sentimental young gentleman was gone, and the heartless and insolent profligate stood confessed. It was impossible to mistake the unmanly insult. Anne flew to the door, which she flung open.

"I heard your step upon the stairs, Edward; you are come in time. You will see Mr. Bourchier to the door."

"What is the matter?" began Singleton; but the glowing face of his wife, and the white and imperturbable aspect of his friend, told him enough for the present. It was some time before he returned to the room.

"You may forgive me, Anne," he said, "but I can never forgive myself. I have been compelled to accept the fellow's apology, which he earnestly begged me to convey to you. His contrition was a reproach to me—showed me my own shame. He would not have insulted you but that he never believed you were my wife."

This was a terrible blow to Anne's pride; the more that it was totally unexpected.

"We see Mr. Bourchier no more?" she inquired.

"Of course. These mistakes are excessively unpleasant and annoying."

"—— And degrading," thought Anne; but she pursued the subject no further. For was not the kind, the good-natured, the generous fellow—her own Edward—already enough vexed and irritated, and all on her account; and had he not, ever since their marriage, sought to render her presentable to his friends, to whom he would one day introduce her, if he had the means, which one or two recent hints from him had caused her to doubt?

"We will never speak of this again—will we?" she said, and kissed him. "It will be different by-and-by, won't it?" and she went to her music, and remembered the song she had sung on the night of his first visit to the court, when her mother had preceded her to bed and left her to arrange her hair for the night, by the glass in the little parlour. And she recalled her dreams on that night—dreams which the morning's sun had derided, by flinging the image of the diamond panes on the floor before her—bright, but chequered. It was no such thing. Her dreams, until now, had been fulfilled. Her married life had not been chequered.

What were Singleton's thoughts on this occasion? "By Jove," said he, recovering himself after awhile, "this girl makes me feel extremely hateful to myself. She may think herself disgraced by marrying me. This is not a woman to have remained in the lower ranks of life, or who ought to return to them. I must take her more into my confidence, and prepare her for the worst—if it should happen. But *that's* not likely."

CHAPTER IV.

Some such thoughts as the above had, indeed, on more than one occasion, during the preceding year, paid a troublesome, or rather a perplexing, visit to the mind of Edward Singleton, and he had been much impressed by what his aunt had said to him when he last called upon her.

"Don't tell me," remarked that fell and heartless oracle, imparting portentous blackness to a background, "about your wife's amiability and prospective accomplishments. Fiddle-de-dee! so much the worse for you and for her. No woman, high or low, likes to be reduced to want, or to be sent back to it, without knowing why or wherefore it should be so. You used to talk of your energies—well, exercise them; you would earn money—turn out and do so. And, young gentleman, don't be squeamish as to the coin, so long as you *are* paid. There was Correggio"—continued Miss Daubigny, working away with activity—"some friars gave him a job to paint a picture for their monastery. When it was completed and brought home, the stupid old fogrums didn't like it, and paid him in copper. What of that? He shouldered it, and went his way. To be sure, the poor man broke his back, or something of the kind—got his death, at all events. *You* are never likely to be called on to bear such a burden."

"I wish you knew Anne!" replied Singleton; thinking that she, if any one could, might work a beneficial change in the class of feelings favoured by his aunt.

"I dare say you do," returned the artist; "lady friends not easily procurable, I venture to say. Don't bring the young woman to me; though indeed—(she's a fine figure, you tell me?)—she might do for a picture of Charity one of these days, with a heap of brats hanging about her. No, Edward Singleton; you have married beneath your station, and have disgraced yourself." And once more the boughs of her genealogical tree, with periwig-pated knights and hoop-petticoated ladies depending from them, were rustled by the breath of Miss Daubigny's eloquence.

It was only after Singleton had reflected very seriously on the matter that he discovered how very difficult it would be for him—even if he retained the inclination—to carry into effect the resolution which too much opera, racecourse, and gaming-table had superinduced. Ennui had taught him how very useless a mere man of pleasure is to society, and how vapid to himself. He now began to perceive that, with all the willingness in the world, it is by no means easy to make such a person useful in it. Who would give him a fair start, and what could he do if he had one? But he had heard that money makes money; and, having a few hundreds left, with a strong willingness to embark them in some venture in which the largeness might bear an extraordinary relation to the certainty of the returns, he consulted his friend Scagliola on the point, who promised to look out for him, being often in the City, and knowing all manner of people there.

Of this gentleman Singleton had only recently made the acquaintance—an acquisition, he conceived, of no slight importance, and which he was desirous his wife should share; and so he brought him home with him, and a very pleasant companion he proved to both. A well-dressed person of fifty-five, with a thorough knowledge of mankind in every grade of life—an acquirement he was apparently vain of displaying in his conversation—he had assiduously cultivated certain refined tastes, his possession of which, when his antecedents came to be known, was rather remarkable. Scagliola made no scruple of relating that, to the best of his belief, his father had been an itinerant vender of images, and that his English mother had died in the workhouse. Thrown upon the world, he had fallen into the hands of a picture-dealer, who had resigned him to a teacher of languages, who, after a time, had recommended him to a musical man, who had got him a situation at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was more secret, or, rather, less communicative, touching the latter passages of his life; but it was evident that he had mingled (although, perhaps, in the first instance on sufferance) in the best society, and that his habits and manners entitled him to maintain a position there.

There were many points in Mr. Scagliola's character as a companion which especially commended him to the good opinion of Singleton and his wife. He was of extremely equable spirits; liked everything that was set before him; praised with taste and discrimination the graceful, and had as much to say—and he said it as well, too—in behalf of the homely; could tell as learnedly of horses as familiarly of their riders; knew almost as much of muslin as of music; and, in a word, knew how to do anything, or how it was done, or how it might be done better.

"What a noble-hearted fellow is Singleton!" he would say, as he sat by Anne's side at the pianoforte;

and he would interpose charming fragmentary sentences in praise of her husband, between a volunteered musical lesson, in which he would teach her more in half an hour than that the professor could have done in a fortnight—if, indeed, he could have improved her at all in the particulars aimed at by the amateur. What a clightful person was Mr. Scagliola!

"I like Mrs. Singleton more and more every time I see her," he remarked to her husband as they walked into the City. "But her captivating frankness and originality of manner would be better appreciated in a Parisian *salon* than in a drawing-room in Belgravia."

"Hang Parisian *salons!*" said Singleton, pleased at the compliment paid to his wife, but remembering Mr. Bonrchier and the French morality he had imported.

"You would not say so had you been admitted to them," returned Scagliola. "No, Sir; the higher circles in this country are—like the wedding-rings worn, or to be worn, by the ladies who form part of them—highly respectable circles, and greatly to be honoured; but they are all alike; they never alter, and they have no brilliancy. Mrs. Singleton will form a circle of her own, small or great, one of these days. *That*, fortune must decide."

"By Jove!" thought the easy and good-natured Singleton, "the good taste and penetration of Scagliola are features quite remarkable in his character!"

They were now on their way to call upon a gentleman renting a back office in Birchin-lane who might haply induce Fortune to favour Singleton so far as to enable his wife to expand her social circle as much as she pleased. They found that Mr. Twigg was within, but laying such a severe stress upon the brains contained in that remarkably large Gall-and-Spurzheim head of his, which he buffeted two or three times in desperation, that his visitors were fain for a while to continue lookers-on.

"Can't quite bring it to bear yet," whispered Scagliola.

"I suppose so," coincided Singleton.

At length Mr Twigg was pleased to step out of his cloud and, alighting on this lower world, blandly addressed the mortals before him, but in a tone that betokened exhaustion.

"My friend Mr. Singleton," said Scagliola, introducing him, "come to listen to a sketch of your great discovery, which, by providing an almost (pardon me) fabulously cheap substitute for them, is entirely to supersede the use of bricks."

On hearing this, the eyes of the ingenious enthusiast brightened with satisfaction; and, craving Singleton's best attention, he proceeded to explain with much earnestness—and, as he went on, with prostrating slaps right and left at all impertinent objections—that, although bricks cannot be made without straw, every conceivable building above ground, and every construction beneath it, might easily be raised and formed without *them*. The pains he was at to make this plain to the unscientific mind of Singleton was not a little flattering to that young gentleman. There could be no question that Mr. Twigg had thought deeply on the matter, and that he was willing his listener should share his knowledge. It was worth further consideration; it was quite clear that Mr. Twigg was not a man to assert that the moon is made of green cheese; or, were he to do so, he would state from what region of the milky way the curds came, and would have produced from his pocket a half-pound sample of the article.

A WIFE AT A VENTURE—MR. TWIGG'S PROFOUND MEDITATION.

"Believe me, my young friend," observed Mr. Twigg, shaking Singleton's hand warmly at parting, "that if I can get the necessary funds (and that I shall do so is *now* pretty sure) they who are the first to contribute will receive, and they are entitled to, the largest return for their money. They who come with their goblets to the fountain-head, not only enjoy the purity of the spring, but monopolise, or *may* monopolise, the stream that flows from it; although, to be sure," added the discoverer—with a pensive but amiable smile, as of one not on intimate terms with humour, but who sometimes dallied with it—"when we have filled ourselves with the liquid, almost to the dropsical point of repletion, when the stream has been diffused—when the patent shall have determined,—then, indeed"—and Mr. Twigg made it apparent by remarkably felicitous action that—"then, indeed, the whole world might come with their buckets, and carry away as much as they pleased."

"I don't particularly know Twigg, except by reputation," observed Scagliola, as the two stood in Cornhill, about to separate; "but he is reckoned a first-rate man. A mere child as to knowledge of the world, though; but he's right this time. I can't tell what he'll do with his money when he gets it."

Neither did Singleton precisely know what he should do with his on a like contingency; but he debated that matter in his mind as he walked home, building castles in the air (without bricks), and in all manner of styles of atmospheric architecture. A few days afterwards, having turned the thing over in his mind till it had become smooth from the friction, he decided on parting with his remaining hundreds, and did so, receiving the congratulations and best wishes of Scagliola, whom he met on the stairs after leaving Mr. Twigg (who, by-the-by, was at this moment vaulting over his desk and performing other philosophical gambols). Scagliola, however, bade him recollect (and it was indeed a fact) that he had never recommended him to enter upon this venture, but he thought his friend had made a very safe and, in all probability, a highly profitable investment of his money.

A WIFE AT A VENTURE—"SCAGLIOLA, AS I AM A LIVING MAN!" SAID SINGLETON.

From this day forth Singleton paid frequent visits to the City to learn what progress the great discovery was making. The replies were highly satisfactory and encouraging when he could light upon Mr. Twigg; but that gentleman was at last so often at the Isle of Dogs superintending the works, and it was uncertain at other times whether he would be at the office that day, that Singleton had many opportunities of making familiar to his memory the mournful faces that are always to be seen on 'Change between eleven and two, and of realising the fact that nowhere are steaks and chops cooked in such perfection as within sound of the chimes.

At length the denouement was no longer to be delayed. Calling one morning at the office, Singleton found the boy-clerk, who had had nothing to do for some time past but perfect himself in love-letter writing, picking his teeth with straws drawn from his stool, and in trying how many times in an hour he could pitch an old Directory into the letter-box. He found that young man in a state of high excitement touching his "eleven times seven makes seventy-seven"—his £3 17s. salary due to him. Making further and fearful inquiries of the aghast youth, he elicited that Mr. Twigg had been hotly called for by other gentlemen besides Mr. Singleton; tha

DOWN THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI—FROM THE BATON ROUGE.

tradesmen from Low Layton and the livery-stable keeper from Bishopsgate-street had been there up in arms; and that, "Please, Sir, Mr. Daniel Forrester is arter him, but is not yet got hold on him."

This was so dismal an announcement that Singleton may be pardoned for not having entered into the feelings of the boy, which, to say the truth, were not to be assuaged by sympathy (although he had not obtained a grain of it from the recent inquirers at the office), but by contributions towards the reduction of the "eleven times seven"—a financial operation he was particularly anxious to compass, but was now hopeless of effecting. Singleton hurried to a tavern, and did not return home till a late hour.

"Well, Anne, my dear; totally ruined, by Jove!" said he abruptly, as he entered the room. "Ay, you may stare, as I did when the boy told me; but the sight to stare at now would be the image of Mr. Twigg." And with unnatural levity he proceeded to unfold all that he had picked up in relation to the absconding of that person.

Anne had grievously feared all along that her husband would lose his money, not because she doubted Twigg's integrity, but because she was one of the large majority who put small faith in new inventions or discoveries. Accordingly, while she exhorted him to be calm, she could set him an example of calmness, although the excitement of his manner at once alarmed and affected her.

"The thing that must be done now—ha! ha!" cried Singleton flippantly—"But, no—no—let's be acute and wide awake as Twigg in our proceedings," he continued sententiously. "That pianoforte must be walked off—that harp must be 'shouldered,' as Miss Daubigny would say. Ha! the copper days are coming, my excellent spinster. That plate must find its way to the melting-pot. You don't approve that, Anne?"

Anne shook her head, but sobbed bitterly.

"Then, if you do, why are you crying?"

"Because you talk so strangely. You know I don't care a pin about that."

"That's a dear. Now, listen to me. Why are these things to be sold? I'll tell you. If there's an animal in creation an Englishman knows more about than all the world beside, it's a horse; and a gentleman is as knowing about him as anybody. I'll buy a horse, and he shall have a cab behind him, and I'll be at the back of it. Tek! tek! that's the way to bring in the tin," and he touched up his imaginary horse with all the dexterity of a practised whip.

"*That* you shall never do—*shall* never do," exclaimed Anne, dashing the tears from her cheeks, and looking almost reproachfully into the simpering face of her husband, while language she would have used two years since arose unbidden to her tongue. "I'll go out charing or washing, I'll scrub my fingers to the bone, I'll sit up at work all night first. I'll do anything to keep you—from that." "To keep you like a gentleman," was on her lips, and that was what she meant. It was Anne's pride (pardonable or otherwise) that she had married a gentleman. What would her mother think, who was so proud of Edward? Women ascend more easily in the social scale than men, and having risen they sink with reluctance; but they return to the old familiar ground with a better grace, and maintain themselves on it with a stouter heart.

AN AFTER-DINNER WHIFF AT CHARLESTON.

WOODCHOPPER'S HUT, LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

JUNCTION OF THE MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI.

"Then you don't much like the idea of living over a stable?" asked Singleton, with a foolish laugh, "where very red and very little flower-pots are placed on very white and very little window-sills, and a string is tied across from gallery to gallery to hang the clothes on? Pleasant to sit in one of those galleries and smoke one's pipe?"

There was no reasoning with "poor dear Edward" just then; so Anne got some vinegar-and-water and well soaked his head, while he lay on her shoulder; and, drawing, if not bright, at least snug and pleasant, pictures of the future, she at length coaxed him to bed, out of which he arose the next morning a very different man.

Before the superfluous and ornamental furniture was sold, and the less expensive lodgings were taken, Singleton received a letter from Scagliola, in which he heartily sympathised with his friend in his misfortunes, and denounced Mr. Twigg's baseness in terms of warm indignation. He was sorry that he himself was about to quit London unexpectedly for the Continent; but he hoped soon to see his dear friends again. Meanwhile he inclosed a brief but highly serviceable treatise on fingering for Mrs. Singleton's use at the pianoforte, and regretted that the Italian lessons must, for a term, be suspended.

Plain English lessons in adversity were now about to commence. The money raised on the plate, pianoforte, and harp, got them through one year. It would have sufficed for two, had Anne been permitted the disposition of it; but she had not the heart to restrain Edward in all his luxuries at once; and he still clung expectations from his aunt, who revelled with all the delight of a prophetic flood, over his fallen forunes.

"As sure, dear Anne" (put down that work—now do—and attend to me), he would sometimes say—"as sure as the next generation of brokers' shops will teem with genuine, undoubted Daubignys, thrown in with the last lot at an auction as a joke for the non-bidders, so sure am I that that maker of grim and lobster-eyed likenesses of the human face will come down with something handsome before long."

Moreover, he was down on the list of a great man, who had the ear of the Government, and who had given him hopes of procuring a public appointment for him. But Miss Daubigny still continued obdurate; and the Ministry went out, and the chiefs of a strong Opposition acceded to their places; and present existence, attainable by the shortest means, became at length the main object.

And now Singleton's heart was filled with anxiety, grief, and remorse. Imprudent, foolish, and weak-minded, he was far too honourable a fellow to borrow money from his few friends (whom he had long sought to avoid) without a prospect of repaying them; and he was far too proud to solicit anything at their hands. That they should know him to be poor was no pleasing thought; but that they should know his poverty in all its details, and pity, and seek to relieve, would have driven him distracted. Even for *her* he could not consent to that. And he had brought the woman whom he now almost adored to this wretchedness! Was ever wretch so fated as he? Could the lot of mortal man be worse?

Yes, although it was never his. He never knew the misery, the despair, the fearful degradation to which he might, and in all probability would, have been brought, but for that wife, whom he so pitied, and on whom his eyes of love and gratitude were so often mournfully and tenderly fixed. To her he owed it that his nerves were preserved from prostration, and his brain from madness, or worse (if anything on this earth *can* be worse), that the limbs of his pride had not been broken by the iron flail of Want, to fit him thereafter for an abject and a callous crawler.

Anne, too, had her pride, but it was not the pride of Singleton. She could not borrow without a prospect of repaying money; but, more than this, she could not borrow at all. She had been taught to regard debt as so nearly allied to disgrace, that no wonder one was so often mistaken for the other, they were so much alike. Now, poverty was a very different affair—one of those things which are most easily mended by those who have not made it. The great object now was, that they should be able to live, and pay their way, and go on doing so; and that her husband, the while, should look like a gentleman, be a gentleman, and be accounted a gentleman. And so she returned to her work as a dressmaker; got together some pupils, to whom she taught the rudiments of music and French; and, although a portion of her time had been devoted to her mother in her long illness and on her deathbed, they managed to struggle through the second year unscathed by debt. Meanwhile Edward was, and was ever to be, her "dearest fellow in the world;" and the good and dutiful daughter was the good, affectionate, and cheerful wife; and poor Singleton at last saw, or thought he saw, in all Anne said, and in all she did, the immediate working of God in one of His creatures, and he was at once proud and humbled.

CHAPTER V.

One morning Singleton rose in unusually high spirits. He had had a dream, he said, and had now arrived at a final determination.

"By Jove! Anne, I'll call upon Miss Daubigny this very morning, and see what can be done with her. It shall go hard but I'll screw a hundred or two out of her, to take us to Australia. In that extraordinary country, you know, everything in nature is the very opposite of what we it see here, and, to consummate the strangeness, English gentlemen are the labourers, and English labourers the gentlemen."

"And there," said Anne, delighted at the notion, "even my poor acquirements might be made a source of profit."

"And what if our child be born in Australia, eh, Anne? Should it be a boy, I'll name him El Dorado; if a girl, Aurelia.

"But," suggested Anne, showing a little of the wisdom of the serpent, "be very careful how you speak to your aunt. Should she refuse at first, don't fly in a passion—don't get out of temper, or impatient."

"Am I ever so? Am I not the best-tempered fellow in the world? Ha! you dear girl," and he plunged his fingers through her hair and flung it back from her forehead, which he kissed. "Ah well! this adversity tries a fellow in more ways than one, by Jove, it does! I'll never be so again—I won't indeed." And in half an hour afterwards he was on his way to his aunt. He had scarcely walked into the parlour to await Miss Daubigny's leisure when a folding-door opened, and that lady hastily entered with——

"What, half an hour before your time! Well, my dear Baron, this is kind and gallant. I'm astonished—Edward Singleton! But sit down. I'm glad to see you. How is that child of simplicity and nature, your wife, who derives no extraneous charm from pedigree?"

"The Baron! Another rueful wretch," thought Singleton, "doomed to lug away to his castle in the Black Forest an exaggerated double, such as would unbend the muscles of the Wild Huntsman himself, if it came under his scrutiny." But Miss Daubigny appeared to be in such an unusually amiable mood that he took heart, and at once entered upon his business.

The lady listened attentively, and with seeming interest, to the recital of her nephew's project; and, on its conclusion, said:—

"Well, I don't know but I may do what you require. I think I will. Yes, it will be best. These *mesalliances* are extremely awkward and provoking. You shall have the money. But, Edward, Ned—I have something to tell you"——

"Permit me first, my dear aunt, to express my gratitude—to"——

"That'll do. Ned"—and Miss Daubigny measured her handkerchief, inch by inch, and puckered up her face into the silliest and most childish form imaginable—"I am about to change my condition."

"To change your condition—to marry?"

"Yes;" stealing her eyes from the floor, languishing them at her nephew, and then letting them drop again. "I am about to marry the Baron Von Nuremberg—a German, but wedded to this country and its noble institutions He speaks the English language beautifully. In birth, in rank, in person, he is all that can be wished: bless you, the most accomplished gentleman in Europe! But, come, you shall see; there is yet time before he arrives. I am painting his portrait. Look at him—there! Did you ever now—so—a—more—— Ha, that's right; get out your glass."

Singleton did so, and stepped forward, placing it to his eye. There was the portrait, staring with such an unmistakable "Don't-you-know-me" expression, that he started back in amazement.

"Scagliola, as I'm a living man!"

"What an odd comparison! A strange piece of criticism, upon my word!" said Miss Daubigny. "What, then, do you think that the mode of treatment has anything trivial or tawdry in it? Or, is it the diversified tints that"——

"My dear aunt," said he, "I am sorry to be compelled to tell you what I am nevertheless rejoiced that I shall not tell you too late. That man, whose portrait you have executed with such happy fidelity, is no more the Baron Von Nuremberg than I am the Duke of Cumberland."

"Who is he, then?" asked Miss Daubigny, in a hollow whisper.

"Are you prepared for the truth? Don't be alarmed or agitated, and you shall hear. The rascal's name is Scagliola, and an accomplished rascal he is. His father, some fifty years ago, sold little busts of Shakspeare, Bonaparte, Pitt, Fox, and Lord Nelson about the streets; and his mother, a washerwoman in the Seven-dials, died in the workhouse."

Away went Singleton to one end of the room, and Miss Daubigny to the other.

"It can't be—it shan't be!" she cried out; and her visage was frightful to look upon; "and it is *not* the truth you have been telling me. You are making a fool of me; eh, Edward? No? Then I'll"——. Here with a backward fling of her hand she dealt such a blow upon the mouth of the portrait as, had it been on that of the original, would have rendered a visit to the dentist expedient. "Ay, grovel in the dust, do!" and she stamped upon the picture. "Thus, when I meet him, will I treat the wretch who—— Hark! there's his knock at the door"—crouching in the corner—"go to him, for mercy's sake. Tell him to leave me for ever. Buy him off at any price. Only he must swear to be silent—silent, mind! silent!"

Singleton hastened down stairs to the parlour, where he confronted Mr Scagliola, who was just turning from the glass, where he had been arranging his hair.

"Well, Sir."

The other was rather taken aback; but immediately recovered himself.

"Ah! Mr. Singleton; I am surprised but happy to see you. How is the most charming woman in England, whom I have never ceased to think of with the most respectful regard?"

"These idle compliments are offensive, Scagliola," returned Singleton. "How is your friend Mr. Twigg, whom I have never ceased to think of in connection with the felons' dock in Newgate?"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Scagliola, "do not call him my friend. I was no party to his fraud, I give you my honour. Beyond a small percentage which I had received on the very day you deposited the money, I had nothing whatever to do with the transaction. He got his deserts, however, shortly afterwards, I was happy to hear."

"How?"

"Lynched," said Scagliola, briefly; "and the wretch deserved it. Acquit me, Singleton, I entreat. On my honour as a man, I had nothing to do with the affair."

Singleton almost believed him; at all events, he felt that he could not bring his complicity home to him. "But as to this very serious matter in relation to my aunt?" demanded he. "You see I know all."

A long—and, on Singleton's side, an angry—colloquy now ensued. Scagliola represented, with great earnestness, that he should never have passed himself off as the Baron Non Nuremberg but that he knew Miss Daubigny's foolish prejudices on the score of birth, which, he remarked with some simplicity, richly deserved punishment.

The conversation ended with a promise, on Singleton's part, that he would meet the other on the following evening, at the Duke of York's Column, when the terms of a compromise should be arranged.

On Singleton's return to the studio he found his aunt stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility.

Greatly alarmed, her nephew summoned the assistance of the servants; Miss Daubigny was laid on the couch, and such restoratives as were nearest at hand hastily applied. It was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to enable her to recall the circumstances that had led to her present condition; but when she did so she at once ordered the servants out of the studio, and gave vent to a violent fit of weeping—the relief of outraged pride (who knows? possibly of wounded affection).

Singleton was not a little distressed; for he could now truly and heartily feel for the affliction of others, proceeding from whatever cause. "Shall I fetch my Anne?" he insinuated. "She, I know, will nurse you with the tenderest care."

His aunt seemed to assent; but presently went off into such incoherent talk about the Germanic Confederation; St. George's Hanover-square; Albert Durer, and his tyrannical wife; and the difficulty of hitting off the snub nosed potboy, that Singleton had her at once taken to bed, called in a doctor, and hastened for his wife.

And Anne tended the poor, almost pride-broken woman through a long and dangerous brain fever, and was at first tolerated and afterwards looked for, and at last loved, by the patient, to whom her almost constant presence became indispensable. Miss Daubigny had existed a great deal too long without sympathy. She had lived too much in her art," she said.

Meanwhile, Singleton made the best terms he could with Scagliola. What they were I do not care to tell.

"What was Anne's maiden name, Edward?" asked Miss Daubigny, a month or two afterwards.

"Lorkin."

"Lorkin! Lorkin!" and the artist scratched her cheek. "Can't we turn it into a Norman name? What do you think? With the elision, thus—and she wrote it down—L'Orquine? No; hardly do, will it?"

"Suppose," suggested Singleton, falling in with her humour, "I suppose we resort to the New World. Lorkin, the original Lorkin—or, at any rate, the highly-respectable Lorkin—one of the Pilgrim Fathers who settled in New England. Miss Lorkin, of Massachusetts."

"Admirable!" And thenceforth it circulated amongst Miss Daubigny's friends that her nephew and heir, Edward Singleton, Esq., had married the amiable and lovely Miss Lorkin, of Massachusetts, whose ancestor, the Pilgrim Father, had descended from the Lorkins of Cornwall—the family now extinct in that county, but who had been seated there for no one knew how many generations. C. W.

SCENES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The recent news from the States shows that the war has now broken out fiercely in the country watered by the Missouri. Lexington, which has just been taken by the Confederates, is one of the largest towns on the banks of the river. It is about 125 miles west of Jefferson city, which is itself nearly the same distance in the same direction from St. Louis, the head-quarters of General Fremont. This city occupies a commanding position near the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi. Although the latter is considered the most important of the two rivers, the former is considerably the longest. It rises in the rocky mountains, and when it finally leaves them passes through some sublime rock-scenery, called the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." For upwards of six miles the river is hemmed in by perpendicular rocks, some 1200 ft. high, and with scarce standing-room for much of the way. A hundred miles from these gates the Falls of the Missouri are reached, where for seventeen or eighteen miles there is a constant succession of rapids and cataracts. In one place the water presents a sheet of perfectly white foam, two hundred yards long—a spectacle of wondrous beauty under certain aspects of sun and shade. The Missouri is navigable the whole way from these falls to its mouth or junction with its sister river. Its waters there discharge themselves in an oblique line, but with such velocity as fairly to divide the majestic stream of the Mississippi, and leave only a narrow strip at the side undisturbed. Captain Hall says "the line of actual contact was par-

ticularly interesting. It seemed as if the dirty Missouri had insinuated itself under the clean Mississippi, for we saw it boiling up at a hundred places." If the one is distinguished for the turbid character of its waters (its name signifies the mud river), so is the other for its extreme clearness and beauty of colour. It is as blue as the Rhone at Geneva. Thence descending towards the sea, the united streams have, of course, a common character, compounded of the qualities of both. It is down the surface of the Lower Mississippi the great expedition of Fremont was intended to sail, passing through "the garden of the world," as the neighbouring country has been called, in order to attack New Orleans, which lies on the left bank, about a hundred miles before the mouth of the river is reached, where it opens into the Gulf of Mexico. The fate of Lexington may possibly compel pause. It may be here noticed that the levées or earthen mounds that embank the river for so many hundreds of miles must be a great assistance to the Confederates in defending the passage with ordnance. These levées have been erected to guard the low-lying land on each side, the bed of the river having been raised by the vast quantities of mud and sand brought down through the agency of the Missouri from the Far West.

In illustration of two classes of people deeply concerned in the war—the men who lay low the mighty forests that would otherwise prevent the riches of the virgin soil from being drawn forth, and the men who have brought about this terrible conflagration by their selfish recklessness—we have included in our Engravings a Woodcutter's Hut, and a South Carolinian enjoying his whiff of tobacco after dinner, and reflecting probably on some good news just received—the battle of Bull Run, or the taking of Lexington.

A Lion's Love for a Black Tigress.—The *Philadelphian North American* records the following singular case:—In one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburgh's beautiful menagerie, in Chestnut-street, is a huge, tawny, Asiatic lion. His room mate is a black female tiger. The tiger is small, compared to the regal lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and is the only specimen of the black tiger in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh some two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is something remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tiger, she runs under the belly of the lion, and woe be to the animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meat until his little chum has selected her share, and even this he never entirely consumes until certain that she has enough. All the animals are as fat as moles, but this black tiger is aldermanic in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice removed from the lion, but until she has returned the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tiger would be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die the lion would probably pine to death.

Mr. Russell and the American Government.—In Mr. Seward's reply to a numerously-signed petition forwarded to him, urging his interference to prevent the continuation of the correspondence of Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, he says:—"However erroneous the facts or the inferences of the writer may be, they, nevertheless, stand on his own individual authority, while the whole patriotic press of our own country is free and is interested to refute them. The Government of the United States depends not upon the favour or goodwill of foreign nations, but upon the just support of the American people. Its credit and its fame seem to me now more than ever heretofore safe in their keeping. If it be assumed that the obnoxious paper may do harm here, is it not a sufficient reply that probably not fifty copies of the London *Times* ever find their way to our shores? If it be said, again, that the obnoxious communication has been widely published in the United States, it seems to me a sufficient rejoinder that the censure of a magnanimous Government in that case ought to fall on those of its own citizens who reproduce the libel, rather than on the foreigner who wrote it exclusively for remote publication. Finally, interference with the press, even in the case of an existing insurrection, can be justified only on the ground of public danger. I do not see any such danger in the present case, even if one foreigner does pervert our hospitality to shelter himself in writing injurious publications against us for a foreign press. A hundred other foreigners, as intelligent, as virtuous, and as respectable as he is, are daily enrolling themselves in the army of the United States to defend and maintain the Union as the chief hope of humanity in all countries and for all ages. Could there be a better illustration of that great fundamental truth of our system, that error of opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat with it?—William H. Seward."

The Family Column.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

(From "Le Follet.")

Winter materials may not yet be brought prominently forward, but our various manufacturers are busily engaged in preparing many attractive novelties. At present we are fully occupied with costumes for the mids-ason, which are necessarily usually simple. The taffetas are being trimmed with velvet. Seaside morning dresses are often of alpaca. Violet alpaca is much esteemed; dresses of this material are generally made plain, or trimmed simply with white and violet-checked ribbons, or white and any other colour the dress may be made of. Poplins are now making their appearance for walking dress. Among the morning walking dresses may be seen the silk and woollen poplins, with patterns in velvet; and the robe mandarine of woollen terry velvet, with Chinese patterns, in bright colours, on a ground of grey or black.

The taste for Zouaves is far from becoming extinct; there is an economical reason which proves greatly in their favour. For instance, skirts that would otherwise be rejected have a very good effect when accompanied by the coquettish Zouave vest, and an elegant chemisette; but, setting aside the question of economy, this loose jacket, in which one is as entirely at ease, is so convenient that it will be difficult altogether to discard it. Velvet, moire, cloth, taffetas, and cashmere are all

THE FASHIONS.

employed for the Zouave. Some persons prefer the waistcoat to the loose chemisette. The waistcoat is generally made of the same material as the Zouave; but the white quilting, trimmed with narrow embroidered frills, appears preferable.

The form of bonnets remains almost stationary, and will continue, with but slight modifications, until the winter season sets in. They preserve much of the summer trimming and shapes. The material is slightly changing; taffeta are used in lieu of light straws and crape, &c. The shades for this season commence with green, felt grey, and Solferino.

Hats are universally worn at the seaside and in the country. We have seen some beautiful models. The chapeau Amazone, for instance, is of white straw; the edge deep, very much turned back, and covered with black velvet. A long feather is placed negligently on the side; the top part of the feather is curled, the tip is knotted, and hangs low over the shoulder. A small bouquet of black feathers, fastened with a white aigrette, is placed half-concealed under the long feathers in front; a gauze or lace veil, edged with broad velvet, is often fastened on the edge of this hat.

Hats of rice straw are trimmed with ornaments of Italian straw, and white and black feathers; maize and black strings, and bouquets of aglantine inside.

Fashion has made white almost the uniform colour for evening dresses. The robes are of tulle, embroidered muslin, tarlatane, &c.

To Clean Furs.—Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them as much as possible in a flat position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes-brush; after this, any moth-eaten parts must be cut out and be neatly replaced by new bits of fur to match.

A Substitute for Alum.—Bread may be rendered as white and as capable of retaining moisture as alum can make it by the use of lime-water, which has been strongly recommended by Dr. Muspratt, of Liverpool, in his book called "Chemistry as Applied to Arts and Manufactures." To saturate water with lime dropped into it the stones of quicklime, and stir it till it mixes thoroughly; when the lime has settled at the bottom the water may be poured off for use. For nineteen pounds of flour use five pounds of lime-water.

The Bee Season.—The in-bringing from the Scottish heather is just over, and a very great inequality of weight is noticeable among hives that have been located even on the same moorlands. The season, as a whole, has been a bad one for the bees. They had only a fair beginning in the making of flower-honey when the rain commenced, which sealed over the honey-producing flowers. Bees generally begin to lay up flower-honey about the middle of June, and at the beginning of July the weather broke up, and continued wet, more or less, until the best of the bee season was past. Many hives recruited much on the heather, which this year has been in fine bloom on the Border moorlands. The honey is scarcely so fine as in years when flowers are less rain-closed and bee-proof. The honey yield is also much below an average in quantity. Some splendid hives have been brought home, and many miserable ones. The heaviest we have any knowledge of weighed 58lb., and some of the accompanying hives to this weighed so low as 8lb. and 10lb. Many hives are from 15lb. to 25lb. A hive, it is considered among "beemen," can winter if 30lb. in weight, but those below that require food. The number of bee-keepers on the borders is great, and many of them have from ten to thirty skeps. We know some with even more. No hobby seems to take firmer root than that of bee-keeping, and it is a hobby that gives daily anxiety or pleasure, and one that occasionally leaves a sting behind. Whole hives of bees, by-the-way, found their way into some shops in the towns. We know a draper's shop into which two hives came, they having apparently lost their queen. The extra number of bees about shops in general this year plainly shows that the season has been a poor one for them.

Incombustible Clothes.—Doctor McCormac, of Belfast, says:—"It cannot be too generally known that any of the soda, or potash, or ammonia salts have the property of delaying or arresting the progress of flame. Of course I except the nitre salts, which promote flame. Dip a cambric handkerchief into common brine and dry it, and you shall find the utmost difficulty in making it burn. But, as some salts answer the purpose very much better than others, it is preferable to stick by these. A solution of the tungstate of soda answers very well; but the tungstate of soda is a rather expensive salt. The salt, then, that I would recommend answers perfectly well. It is to be had everywhere. It is, further, very cheap. This salt is the sulphate of ammonia; it abounds in soot. When a little soot finds its way into the mouth a peculiar acid flavour is perceptible. This arises from the contained sulphate of ammonia. Mix 2 lb., or so, of soot with a gallon of water; stir it up well; allow it to stand until it settles. The clear supernatant liquor is a solution of the sulphate of ammonia. Muslins, linen, paper, curtains, or other inflammable matters, when dipped into this mixture and dried, will remain sufficiently uninflammable to secure the wearers from the hideous risk of being burned alive. I would recommend its universal adoption. It should be insisted upon in education: I would have it rendered compulsory by law—by a special enactment, in fine—that all washerwomen should employ a solution of the sulphate of ammonia in doing up clothes. Humanity calls loudly for some efficient intervention. A quantity of the solution might be prepared at once, by putting the produce of a chimney-sweeping into one barrel of water, and drawing it off, when clear, by means of a syphon, into another empty barrel. But, in the event of this anticombustible solution getting into general use, it will be found generally preferable to buy the sulphate of ammonia ready made. If the solid salt be employed, 1 lb. will be found sufficient for two gallons of water, limpenik."

A New Flower.—The petunia is a universal favourite, not only for its beauty of form, but for the vivid richness of its colouring. But it has been known in this country only as a single flower till the present year. During the exhibitions in the spring there was some excitement caused among garden amateurs by the production of a very beautiful double and parti-coloured petunia. It was supposed to have come from France, which sends us many floral curiosities, and is often promising to send others that we would gladly see—a blue rose or a blue dahlia, for instance. The petunia had rich rosy-purple and white flowers, and was called Inimitabilis flore-pleno. Beautiful as that was it is already beaten by other double petunias. Maria Rendatler surpasses it in quality and size; and both these are eclipsed by another fine one named Eliza Mathia. This is of a light violet-rose, freely blotched or bordered with white. They will all make charming pot plants.

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